

TWENTY CENTS

MARCH 15, 1954

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Boris Chaliapin

JACK WEBB

"My name's Friday. I'm a cop."

\$6.00 A YEAR

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

VOL. LXIII NO. 11



The new Ford Sunliner is one of 14 body styles for '54

Things that make a fine car fine are yours in the '54 FORD



Master-Guide Power Steering cuts steering effort up to 75%, yet leaves you complete "feel" of the road on straightaways.



Swift Sure Power Brakes do up to one-third of your stopping work . . . help you relax in today's congested traffic.



Power-Lift Windows raise or lower at a button's touch. Only Ford in its field offers this convenience both front and rear.



4-Way Power Seat is the only power seat in a low-priced car that adjusts up and down as well as forward and back.



Fordomatic, alone in Ford's field, gives torque converter smoothness plus the "GO" of an automatic intermediate gear.

These power assists available at extra cost on most models.

Study the cutaway drawing below for details of Ford's quality construction.



Ford's 130-h.p. Y-block V-8 is the newest "eight" in the industry. Its new deep-block build and short-stroke design mean smoother, more agile performance, better economy, longer life.

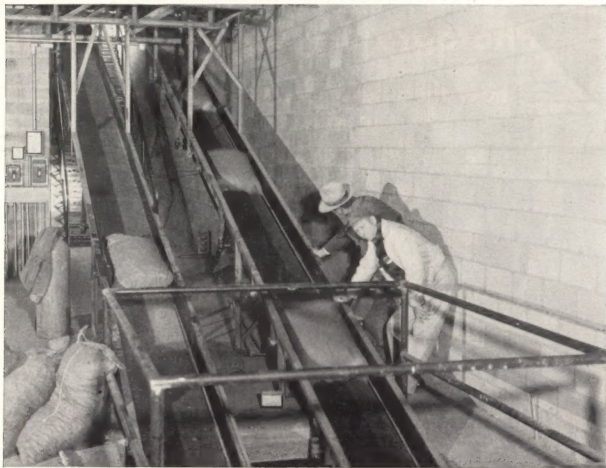


Ford's 115-h.p. I-block Six is the most modern "six" in the industry. Like the new Y-block V-8, it has overhead valves, deep-block build and modern short-stroke design.



Whatever "fine car" means to *you*, you'll find that the '54 Ford brings you fine-car qualities and fine-car features in abundance. You get new responsive "GO" with either of Ford's new deep-block engines. You get hull-tight construction in Ford's fine Crestmark Body, with colorful new upholstery fabrics and smartly tailored trim. You enjoy a new kind of easy, level ride with Ford's new Ball-Joint Front Suspension. And you have available *all* the fine-car power assists. You can pay more, but you can't buy better.

Your Ford Dealer cordially invites you to Test Drive the '54 Ford



100-pound bags climb three stories high on rubber

A typical example of B.F. Goodrich improvement in rubber

RUSHING up that steep grade are hundred-pound sacks of cattle feed. But getting them three stories high, to the shipping dock, was once a problem.

The feed company knew that a sharp incline like this would save space and speed handling time. But at this angle, the sacks would usually slip down faster than the moving rubber belts could carry them up. So longer, slower, more expensive conveyors, with a gradual rise, had to be used.

B. F. Goodrich engineers had made scores of improvements in conveyor belts, and were determined they could do something with this problem, too.

Out of many ideas came the B.F. Goodrich Ribflex belt. It's made with parallel ribs that are cross cut into thousands of flexible grip blocks—more than 5700 to the square foot. The tiny, self-cleaning rubber blocks are tough enough to stand years of use, yet soft so they bend just enough to grip anything carried by the belt and move it easily, quickly, without a slip.

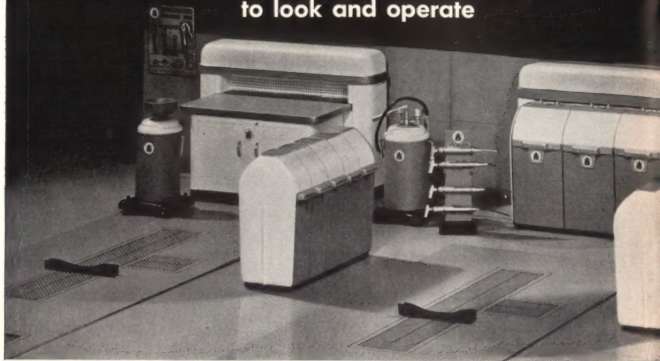
The improved B. F. Goodrich belts were put to work at the much steeper angle you see here. Now 1200 sacks an hour make the three-story climb without a slip or slide. And, what's more, these belts will keep their gripping power long after rough-surface belts

would become worn and ineffective.

The Ribflex belt is typical of B. F. Goodrich research which is constantly at work improving all kinds of belting, hose and other rubber products and finding new ways to use them better. Don't decide any rubber product you may buy is the best to be had without first finding out from your BFG distributor what B. F. Goodrich research may have done recently to improve it. Or write *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Dept. M-195, Akron 18, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich
INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS
DIVISION

Photography shows prospects how their new service stations are going to look and operate



**Alemite sets up scale models of their
service station equipment on the customer's own
floor plan—photographs them—and portrays
the new custom-built station ready for action**

Salesmen can't pull lube racks, grease pumps and other service station equipment out of a sample case for display. They're far too big—far too bulky. Besides final location and arrangement count heavily in how well they will work out.

The Alemite Division of Stewart-Warner solves the problem with photography. Prospects see new service station equipment virtually right in their own premises.

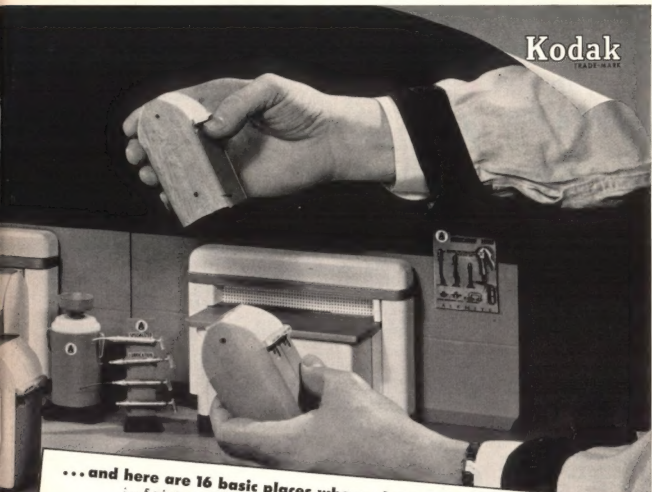
It works this way. The salesman sends in a rough sketch of the space available with windows

and columns marked. Experts fit exact replicas of racks, lifts, and other equipment to the plan, then put the camera to work. The customer pictures his new station—modern, efficient, handsome—and the sale is well on its way. It's an idea for any company with bulky products to sell.

Photography is a great salesman for any business large or small. And it's very much more. It works in all kinds of ways to save time, cut costs, reduce error, and improve production. It can help your business too. Check over the list and see.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Kodak
TRADE-MARK



... and here are 16 basic places where photography can work for you
... 5 minutes with this checklist can be the soundest business move you've made this year

- ☐ **Management** • Progress photos • Stockholder reports • Record preservation • Control charts • Organization charts
- ☐ **Administration** • File debulking • Purchase schedule • Office layout • Interior decoration • Form printing
- ☐ **Public Relations** • News releases • Institutional • Community relations • Public service
- ☐ **Personnel** • Identification photos • Job descriptions • Orientation • Payroll records • Employee personal records • House organs • Health records • Bulletins
- ☐ **Training and Safety** • Safety campaigns • Teaching • Maintenance • Reports • Fire prevention
- ☐ **Purchasing** • Schedules • Duplicate engineering prints • Specifications • Source information
- ☐ **Sales** • Portfolios • Dealer helps • Sales talks • Price & delivery information
- ☐ **Research** • Reports • Flow studies • Process charts • Library • Photomicrography, electron-micrography, x-ray diffraction, etc.
- ☐ **Service** • Manuals • Parts lists • Installation photos • Training helps • Records
- ☐ **Advertising** • Advertisements • Booklets • Displays • Dealer promotion • Television
- ☐ **Engineering** • Drawings • Specification sheets • Drawing protection • Pilot radiography
- ☐ **Warehousing & Distribution** • Inventory control • Damage records • Waybill duplicates • Flow layouts • Packing & loading records
- ☐ **Production** • Time study • Work methods • Legible drawings • Schedules • Process records
- ☐ **Testing & Quality Control** • Test setups • Standards library • Radiography • Instrument recording
- ☐ **Product Design & Development** • Styling • Consumer testing • Motion studies • Stress analysis • Performance studies
- ☐ **Plant Engineering & Maintenance** • Plant layout • Repair proposals • Piping & wiring installations • Progressive maintenance • Record debulking



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LETTERS

Smears or Achievements?

Sir:

I have a perverse sectional pride in our Southern demagogues, and have championed them as being considerably above those of other regions in any fair rating of aptitudes for their work. It is with chagrin that I confess a growing conviction that Senator McCarthy—a damned-Yankee, and a Roman Catholic one at that—just about has it made as the Exalted Kleagle and Imperial Wizard of all the Demagogues. The shades of Heflin and Bilbo—aye, even that of the superb Huey Long, must stand in their limboes with reverent awe at the spectacle of the meretricious antics of McCarthy . . .

J. L. CLUTE

Matthews, N.C.

Sir:

I will wager a small hoghead of Wisconsin cheese that Joe McCarthy's efforts to get that Army dentist to open a little wider please have drawn walls of pain from half the bleeding hearts in the country. Is the U.S. Army a sacred institution, that it feels it has the right to conceal a bad administrative decision from inquiry by the legislature? In giving the Army a lesson in the Constitutional facts of life, Senator McCarthy is a better democrat than his critics.

JUDSON SPODE

Madison, Mo.

Sir:

"Despite sneers, smears and bully-boy manners," TIME [March 1] notes "some real achievements" by Senator McCarthy. Yes, including one which no enemy of the nation has ever been able to accomplish—the achievement of obtaining the abject and complete surrender of the Army of the United States . . .

ALLEN KLEIN

Mount Vernon, N.Y.

Sir:

... I take it that you don't think as much of Joe McCarthy as I do. I certainly am glad that there is at least one man who isn't afraid to say and do what he thinks is for the good of the people, in spite of editors like you and politicians who are afraid to do something constructive for fear they'll hurt their political standing . . .

You referred to his audiences as mostly

middle-aged and middle-class . . . I wouldn't insult this group if I were you, since it makes up the majority of our population . . .

MRS. W. E. BRUGGEMAN

Bedford, Ohio

Cry! The Beloved Country

Sir:

... Being a Finlander who got licked in the war 1939-40 (even though the Russians probably said, as Hannibal: One more victory like this and I am a goner), I was particularly delighted to see that my countrymen licked the Russians in the Nordic winter sports [TIME, March 1]; but please do not call the Finnish national anthem "Our Lord" in English. *Maamme* means "Our Country," and is a translation from Johan Ludvig Runeberg's poem *Vårt Land* . . . But I am too delighted to kick about it, and "Our Lord" may be just as good as *Maamme* when it comes to sing for the *Slebos* (Finnish slang word for the Russians), and I finish with a better influence in the end.

NILS LUCANDER

Detroit

Official Picture

Sir:

Umpteen million amateur photographers will read the article about George Tames's picture of President Eisenhower [TIME, Feb. 15], and I'll wager 90% of them will wonder what kind of camera . . . what f. opening . . . what shutter speed . . . what light source . . .

CARL F. OLENBERGER JR.

Lincoln, Neb.

¶ Says New York Times Magazine photographer Tames: "With my Rollei at waist level, flash off the camera and high to the left, I made one shot—250th of a second at f.16."—ED.

Proud & Majestic

Sir:

I was delighted to see President Paul E. Magloire on the cover of the Feb. 22 issue . . . and to read about the quite extraordinary job he is doing to improve the economy and raise the living standards of Haiti . . . The U.S. has too long neglected giving as sober and thoughtful attention to the

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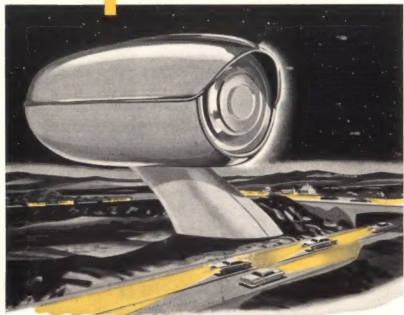
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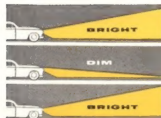
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GUIDE LAMP DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION • ANDERSON, INDIANA

Caribbean as its human and strategic importance makes necessary. Would you permit me to register one disagreement? . . . It concerns . . . the American occupation of Haiti. Having played a small role in making known the facts of the occupation—during which many Haitians were killed by U.S. Marines as *cacos* or bandits for attempting to drive those they deemed invaders from their country—I know from firsthand experience that the occupation was far from as pleasant or as beneficial as your story indicates.

WALTER WHITE

National Association for the
Advancement of Colored People
New York City

Sir:

The article . . . is tops . . .

ATHERTON LEE

Port-au-Prince, Haiti

Sir:

I visited Haiti at the time of the Exposition, and was so hospitably received by the "high" Haitians, who reminded me that when they came to the U.S. they were sent to the "back of the bus" down South. They are a proud, majestic people . . . All Americans should make Haiti a must on their vacation itinerary—in seeing Haiti, so many of our prejudices could be annulled.

TERRY MAYER

New York City

Sir:

. . . TIME states that "President Magloire and FAO are tackling malaria, venereal disease and tuberculosis." FAO, which stands for Food and Agriculture Organization, carries on absolutely no work in control or eradication of malaria, venereal disease, tuberculosis or any other disease. Among the U.N. specialized agencies, all such health work is exclusively within the scope of the World Health Organization . . .

HAROLD BALLOU

World Health Organization
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

. . . Those "250 different blood combinations" you mention as having been recognized by "a contemporary record" in Saint-Domingue are figments. You are obviously referring to the pseudo-ethnography of M. L. E. Moreau de Saint-Méry in his *Description Topographique* [published in 1797] . . .

Saint-Méry, a colonial who disliked mulattoes either out of prejudice or whimsy, contrived a syllogistic system of names for all the crosses he thought possible between Negroes and whites—as well as Indians and the crosses between the crosses . . . When you ignore the repetitions, he actually has only ten: *mulâtre, quarteron, métis, mamelouque, quarteronné, marabou, griffe, sucra, sang-mêlé*, and *sang-mêlé qui s'approche continuellement du blanc*.

There is no limit to this sort of verbal jugglery. With his method, Saint-Méry could just as easily have come up with 1,000 . . .

JAMES W. IVY

New York City

Nice Quiet Corrobores

Sir:

Your Feb. 15 story about Sydney's welcome to the Queen . . . sounded as if it had been written by a jaundiced remittance man who had spent his money from home on an inglorious lost weekend and was suffering . . . Sydney's welcome was admittedly noisy and uninhibited, but the spirit of the welcome was a gay and happy greeting . . . The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh may

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This superb lotion counteracts
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fragrance that's right because
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By appointment purveyors of soap to the late King George VI, Yardley London
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have found our welcome tiring but not tiresome, as you pointedly suggest. Doubtless, there were far too many official functions and politicians and too much heat, but we are not quite the unmannered, uncouth colonials your article implies. . . . Your presidential parades and important civic affairs are not conducted with all that much of decorum and *savoir faire*, so why be superior about the undignified extroverts down this-a-way . . .

IRA SCHIMKE

Sydney, Australia

Sir:

. . . The surging, yelling hysteria of the Sydney people, which you Americans have attributed to the ignorance of staring hooligans and wild colonials, was only our spontaneous, uninhibited and uncontrollable greeting to the Queen. . . . You, who have no monarch, can never understand. . . .

BETTY RANDALL

Strathfield, N.S.W.

Sir:

. . . No mention was made in your article of the many pleasant features of the royal visit. . . . The decorated city left coronation London far behind in magnificence.

D. G. O'DONNELL

Sydney

Sir:

I was fascinated by TIME's report of Queen Elizabeth's boisterous reception in Australia. The Aussies are a delightfully unpredictable people. . . .

ALEXANDER MARKEY

Bombay, India

New Firm at Old Stand

Sir:

Shipowner Stavros Niarchos, after war service in the Greek navy, is building the largest cargo ship ever built in the U.S., the largest tanker in the world (TIME, Feb. 23). Admiral Nearchus (325 B.C.), explorer, built ships and sailed from the mouth of the Indus across the Arabian Sea and up to the head of the Persian Gulf. He and his crew reported to their commander in chief Alexander the Great in Iran, after a two-year voyage of tremendous hardship and valor. Could be. . . . a case of long-distance heredity.

M. W. DANIELS

San Francisco

Something for Smith

Sir:

Your Feb. 22 story, "Unemployment Up-roar," prompts me to raise the question: Whose business is it to provide jobs? Why should Smith provide Jones with a job? . . . We need job-providers all right, but no person nor group of persons is obligated to become a job-provider. There must be an incentive for anyone to set up a business and hire helpers, and thereby provide jobs. However, the ability to establish and manage a business successfully is limited to a comparatively few persons—less than 10% of our total population—hence job-providers must have an adequate incentive for taking the risk involved in setting up a business. . . .

Everything that reduces the incentive for the job-provider to stay in business injures the community as a whole. . . .

ROBERT C. BARNETT

Jefferson City, Mo.

A Bunch of Trouble

Sir:

Thanks for your Feb. 22 article, "The Un-bunching" . . . If Negroes were unbunched in housing, unbunched in job opportunities,



"I had no idea that figuring with a MARCHANT calculator was so simple...and its fast, automatic operation really saves time!"

"We use our MARCHANTS for figuring invoices, payrolls, job costs, discounts, inventory, time-payment contracts...in fact, for just about all the figurework in our office."



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unbunched in transportation, unbunched in political privileges, unbunched in religious activities, we would approach the position in leadership . . . which the darker people of the world expect of us.

SAMUEL A. WILLIAMS

Newark, N.J.

Sir:

. . . We the white people of the South, like the whites of South Africa, are determined to keep our land a white man's country. We Southern whites, unlike the majority in the North, have not been bemused and misled and culturally destroyed by a multiplicity of meaningless, noble-sounding words and phrases, such as democracy, human rights, equality, Americanism, American-way-of-life, and "no race but the human race." This type of meaningless jargon has taken the place of thinking among the white masses of the North . . . I feel certain that my views are those of the great majority of Southern whites under 35 years of age. Segregation is going to last in the South, even though we have no Dr. Malan to inspire us in our determination to save white culture in America.

CHARLES D. HENDON

Newton, Miss.

Sir:

Your picture of the integrated G.I.s proves but one thing: Americans are suckers for propaganda. If the Negro had the pride in race he pretends to have, he would want his own military units and would let the white man have his.

J. R. MCPHERSON

Columbus, Miss.

Sir:

You conclude your discussion . . . by saying: "In civilian life, the Negroes are unbunched. They've got to be unbunched." You are so right. They are all bunched up in the South. Why not unbunch them by prorating the Negro population evenly throughout the country? That would put an end to "The Solid South." It would then be just like the rest of the country . . .

Don't you think that trying something constructive like this would be much better than harping constantly on Jim Crow conditions in the South? Prorate the Negro problem, so the whole nation will be sharing in its solution—don't just try to bludgeon the people of the South into buddyding up with colored hordes that, in some places, outnumber them considerably. They have been born and reared in the pattern which they follow, and after all, they are not in the army where they have to fall in under the lash of an executive directive. It might not go so smoothly and happily as it has gone in the armed forces.

PAULINE T. HARRIS

Bellaire, Texas

Verbal Bric-a-Brac

Sir:

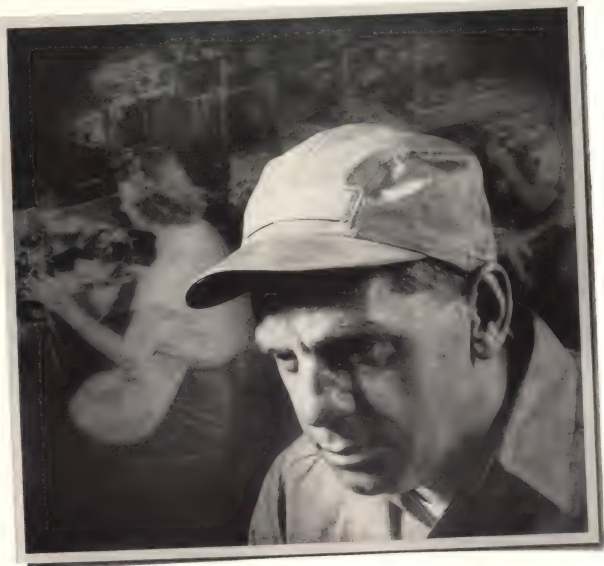
About the dismissal of Clarence Manion as chairman of the Inter-Governmental Relations Committee: I noticed that several newspaper accounts [described Dean Manion as] a "Bricker backer." I was struck at once with the alliterative and rhythmic felicity of the phrase, but in addition, "Bricker backer" reminded me of the children's count-off jingle:

Icha Backha Soda Cracker
Icha Backha Boo
Icha Backha Soda Cracker
OUT GO YOU

JOHN SHINN

New York City

TIME, MARCH 15, 1954



THE MAN WHO DIDN'T WANT A "WOMAN'S JOB"

Before Stanley R. lost his left arm he was the kind of a guy who took pride in a good day's work and a man-sized job. And after his accident he was exactly the same guy. Not afraid of work.

When Stan came to the Liberty Mutual Rehabilitation Center to get fitted with an artificial arm and to be trained in using it, he had one special worry. It was the fear of being put on a "woman's job" — as he put it.

The people at the Rehabilitation Center understood Stan's feeling, knew what to do about it. Teaching people to rebuild bodies and regain skills is only part of their work. They outlined the problem to Stan's employer — then two specialists took

a trip to the plant and made a job analysis.

Those Liberty Mutual specialists found *six* jobs that Stan could handle very well. Important jobs, Man-sized jobs. And after spending a month and a half at the Center, Stan went back to take his place as a highly productive worker.

Rehabilitation is only one part of Humanics — the Liberty Mutual program that makes money for any employer. Not only does Humanics lower insurance costs — it also reduces the uninsured cost of accidents. Humanics actually increases profits.

For information, call the nearest Liberty Mutual office, or write to us at 175 Berkeley Street, Boston 17, Massachusetts.



Alligator Coats Make Sense...



it's the
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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader



Margaret McConnell

This week I would like to tell you about a vivacious lady named Margaret McConnell, and her job here at TIME which carries the title Personnel Manager for Women.

Margaret began her personnel career in a rather ironic way, by playing the part of a slave girl in Cecil B. DeMille's epic *The Ten Commandments*. She was going to Hollywood High School at the time. Says she: "Everybody was a part of the movie colony in those days. I heard that the studio was paying \$5 a day for extras, so I applied." She soon learned that student extras were in great demand at other studios and particularly for the rash of Mack Sennett and Hal Roach two-reel comedies that were being turned out. Result: Margaret set up her own personnel bureau and began recruiting fellow students for the sandlot epics and near-epics.

In her present job of recruiting girls for TIME, Margaret and two assistants go through some 5,000 interviews a year. These interviews are primarily a screening process. If the candidate seems promising, she is sent to the department head who has a staff opening, and he does the actual hiring. The usual positions to be filled are office girls, clerks, typists, secretaries, copywriters and researchers.

There are three regular on-the-job training programs for office girls, business trainees and editorial research trainees. Candidates for the office-girl program must be high school graduates. They work for the various departments at TIME, and at the end of the first three months, a girl is eligible to take any job for which she is qualified. The usual first step up is to clerk-typist.

The business trainees, recruited from colleges, must be able to type, take shorthand, or should have a background in mathematics or statistical work. They train for approximately six months. During this time they have temporary assignments (in such departments as circulation, promotion, advertising sales, production, accounting or office management) before getting a specific job.

The editorial research trainees must also be college graduates. Candidates

are chosen on their scholarship record, an aptitude for and interest in journalism, and past experience in either summer work or extracurricular activities. They must also be able to type. Each spring, Margaret and her assistants go on talent-scouting trips to nearby women's colleges to interview interested applicants. The new trainees work the first three weeks as office girls, followed by a few weeks in such departments as the morgue, letters and the clip desk (clipping New York and out-of-town newspapers). The trainee then attends a four-week course, directed by an experienced TIME researcher, studying the rudiments of editorial research for TIME before she is assigned to a department.

The annual recruiting trips to colleges, says Margaret, bring back old memories. As a student in the University of California at Los Angeles, she got a part-time job as clerk in the registrar's office, later became assistant to the registrar specializing in students' problems. Along about this time, she says, most of the students were more interested in radio than the movies, and she was no exception. "I had a ukulele and I sang, so I got on the radio—three performances a week for \$10."

After eight years of part-time singing and student personnel work, she succumbed to the long-distance lure of New York and headed east to solve a personnel problem of her own: how not to become a secretary, a job that did not appeal to her, although she knew shorthand and typing. Luck seemed with her. She was hired for a research job with a Manhattan advertising agency—and impressed everyone as so efficient that one of the vice presidents drafted her to be a secretary. Margaret fled. She soon landed a job at *FORTUNE* magazine, but, she recalls, "my shorthand soon caught up with me and I was a secretary again."

However, this time Margaret stayed on, eventually became office manager in the editorial department. In 1946 she took over as head of TIME's letters department for five years before coming to her present assignment in personnel, where some of you may well be meeting her in person one of these days.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen



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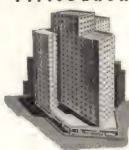
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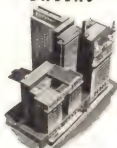
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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Woe Throughout the Nomes

The time when the tax fell due came upon the nomes [Egyptian provinces] as a terrible crisis which affected the whole population. For several days there was nothing to be heard but protestations, threats, beating, cries of pain from the taxpayers, and piercing lamentations from women and children.

—G. Maspero's *The Dawn of Civilization: Egypt and Chaldea*

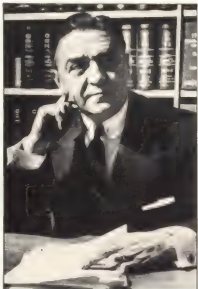
As it was in the beginning, piercing lamentations arose last week from Wallagrass, Maine to San Ysidro, Calif. Some U.S. taxpayers tried to smile through their tears. Along with their painfully signed checks, they sent the usual enclosures: old shirts ("Here's the shirt off my back; you have everything else"), locks of hair ("I've been clipped"), and pieces of human skin carefully taped to cards ("You got my hide too").

More people were paying more federal income taxes than ever before. Last year was the most prosperous year in U.S. history: the income-tax rate stayed steady and high through the year. Some 60 million personal returns, accounting for \$32.5 billion, will blizzard into Internal Revenue offices before midnight March 15. Also rolling in by that hour will be some 8,000,000 corporate returns, the most ever, accounting for a record \$22.9 billion.

The annual mid-March gloom is pierced this year by a ray of hope, no doubt originating in the fact that federal individual income taxes in 1954 have already come down an average of 10%, and other federal tax cuts are on the way (although the trend of state and local taxes is still up).

In Washington, observers agree that this Congress will cut excise taxes a billion dollars, and that the Administration will accept the cut, despite its official disapproval. Also, there is a powerful move afoot to increase personal exemptions. All year long Internal Revenue offices receive jubilant announcements of births, some printed on mock income-tax forms. In Newark, N.J. last week, an attractive mother of four finished checking the family tax form with a revenue agent, then asked and was told how much less she would have to pay if she had one more dependent. Mused mother: "I was just wondering whether it would pay..."

Few taxpayers have a clear idea where their money goes, and some would be



Richmond Crawford, Jr.
REVENUE COMMISSIONER ANDREWS
Amid the annual gloom, a ray of hope.

happier for not knowing. A Texas farmer whose income jumped into six figures after oil was discovered on his land, recently visited Washington to find out "how my money is spent." He toured various offices in the vast bureaucracy, finally dropped in to see T. Coleman Andrews, Commissioner of Internal Revenue. After some talk, he asked how much Andrews collects in taxes every year. About \$70 billion, said Andrews. The Texan, impressed, made a philosophic observation: "Well, Mr. Commissioner, ain't it a damn good thing we don't git all the Government we pay for?"

TAXES

The Deep Surgeon

The barber in a downtown Washington shop gabbled away as he snipped at the greying temples of his distinguished-looking customer. When the talk inevitably got around to income taxes, the barber had a proud boast: "I don't report half of my tips. They can't check up on me." A few moments later he happily pocketed a generous tip, then stiffened when his customer said: "My name is Coleman Andrews. I'm the Tax Commissioner."

Although Washington barbers pride themselves on knowing everybody who is anybody, it was not surprising that the

barber did not know T. (for Thomas) Coleman Andrews, who this week, at least, ranks as one of the biggest somebodies in the U.S. Since he became the top U.S. tax collector in January 1953, Andrews has buried himself so deeply in his work that he has acquired a label: "The most anonymous man in town."

Work, Work, Work. The son of a day laborer in a Virginia tobacco factory, Andrews went to work sweeping out a grocery for 25¢ a day when he was five years old, has been working for 50 years since then. On an average day he rises at 6 a.m., works two hours before breakfast, works at the office until 6:30 p.m., works at home until 10:30. Says he: "I have never been able to understand people who work a 40-hour week. I grew up another way."

There was a lot of work to be done when Andrews took over the graft- and politics-ridden revenue service last year. He set a challenging goal: to restore public confidence in the revenue service and to re-create the impression that no one can cheat the federal income-tax collector.

Andrews began by reorganizing the service itself. He cut the staff in Washington, increased it in the field, made plans that will eventually double the present field force of 8,000. To unwind the red tape, he consolidated 17 area offices under nine regional commissioners, entrusted them with much authority formerly centered in Washington.

Psychological Weapons. When he turned to techniques, Andrews revived the long-neglected canvass. In selected cities, revenue agents went from house to house asking for evidence that a tax return was filed for the previous year (TIME, Aug. 31). Like most income-tax enforcement techniques, this was a psychological weapon. Andrews was not nearly so interested in the citizens actually questioned by the canvassers as he was in the thousands of others who would hear about the canvass and be stricken with honesty. When the Los Angeles newspapers said that a canvass had begun, 1,300 people showed up at the Internal Revenue office before it opened next morning; some asked for forms as far back as 1935.

As he pondered enforcement methods, old Auditor Andrews had an auditor-like thought: always seek an independent source to check a man's figures. When he applied this principle to undertakers, he suggested that his men in one district try checking morticians' returns against

burial reports at the local bureau of vital statistics. The first mortician investigated had failed to report \$140,000 of income over several years.

One of the most common varieties of income-tax fraud, Andrews found, is listing nonexistent dependents. In an effort to stop this, he is asking for more specific information on dependents, hopes to prosecute a well selected list of dependent-creators. To catch all kinds of evasion, he hopes to triple the comparatively small percentage of returns that are audited.

A Jeffersonian Democrat of Senator Harry Byrd's school, Andrews, who abhors bureaucracy and high taxes, is an unlikely man to be running a big bureau to collect high taxes. But he believes that he can serve his principles by running an efficient bureau. Until he had reached middle age, even after he became an eminent C.P.A. in Richmond, Va., Andrews wanted to be a surgeon. Now that he is taking the fat (and quite a chunk of the lean) out of 60 million taxpayers' incomes, he feels that he has attained his goal in a different way. Says he: "This is deep surgery."

INVESTIGATIONS

Joe & the President

President Eisenhower took a deep breath, put on his glasses, picked up a sheaf of papers held together by a metal ring, and faced the 256 reporters at his news conference. Then the President began to read his "last word" on Joe McCarthy's Peress case against the Army.

"Standards of Fair Play." The Army, Ike began, had made serious errors in its handling of Major Irving Peress, who was promoted and given an honorable discharge after his loyalty became seriously in doubt. But this fact did not reflect on the patriotism of U.S. military leaders who, said Old Soldier Eisenhower, have always been "singularly free of suspicion

of disloyalty. Their courage and their devotion have been proved in peace as well as on the battlefields of war." Specifically included in the President's tribute was the immediate target of McCarthy's wrath—Brigadier General Ralph Zwicker, commander at Camp Kilmer, N.J., where Dentist Peress was stationed.

In the nation's fight against Communism, the President said, "we are defeating ourselves if either by design or through carelessness we use methods that do not conform to the American sense of justice and fair play . . . Obviously, it is the responsibility of the Congress to see to it that its procedures are proper and fair."

Then, without mentioning Joe by name, President Eisenhower came to the crux of the McCarthy problem. Said he: "There are problems facing this nation today of vital importance. They are both foreign and domestic in character . . . I regard it as unfortunate when we are diverted from these grave problems—of which one is vigilance against any kind of internal subversion—through disregard of the standards of fair play recognized by the American people."

"This Silly Tempest." An hour after the President finished, Joe McCarthy scanned the wire reports, whipped out pencil and paper and started scribbling his answer. Soon he was barking orders to his scurrying staff: "Call the press gallery . . . Get a room where the television boys can operate . . . Be a good guy, run some copies off." His reply to the President:

"This silly tempest in a teapot arose because we dared to bring to light the cold, unpleasant facts about a Fifth Amendment Communist officer . . . It now appears that for some reason he was a sacred cow of certain Army brass." In clear reference to General Zwicker, McCarthy said: "If a stupid, arrogant or witless man in a position of power appears before our committee and is found aiding the Communist Party, he will be exposed."

Penciled out of the typewritten McCarthy text was another line: "Far too much wind has been blowing from high places in defense of this Fifth Amendment Communist Army officer." And some two hours after reading his statement for television, McCarthy sent another deletion around to newsmen. The word "now," he said, should be omitted from the sentence: "Apparently the President and I now agree on the necessity of getting rid of the Communists." It was just arrogant Joe's way of stressing the innuendo—and of sinking the blade a little deeper in the area between the shoulder blades.

Joe & the Witnesses

Senator McCarthy, appearing as chairman of his Permanent Investigation Subcommittee, tried to give the impression that what he had up his sleeve was not really a dirk but only a funnybone.

McCarthy's humor was displayed during the testimony of Private Marvin Belsky, a doctor who was drafted into the Army, denied a commission when he refused to answer questions about Commu-



PRIVATE BELSKY
Misplaced funnybone.

nist affiliations. Before McCarthy's committee last week, Belsky refused some 30 times to answer the same sorts of questions on grounds of the Fifth Amendment. When Washington's Democratic Senator Henry Jackson vigorously questioned the witness, McCarthy took occasion to ridicule the charge made against him by Army Secretary Robert Stevens. Said Joe: "May I say, Senator Jackson, I wish you'd refrain from browbeating the witness." Later, when Senator Everett Dirksen drew testimony that Dr. Belsky had to perform such mundane Army duty as cleaning latrines, McCarthy cracked: "Perhaps we have found the solution to what the Army should do with Communists." Dirksen was not amused. Said he: "That remark will be stricken from the record." Joe grinned happily.

Joe & the Administration

The ultimate responsibility for the conduct of all parts of the Executive Branch of the Government rests with the President of the U.S. That responsibility cannot be delegated to any other branch of the Government.

Behind this restatement of basic principle made by Dwight Eisenhower at his news conference (see above) lies a developing theory of how the Administration should deal with Joe McCarthy. It will not try to clip an essential congressional right: examination of Government servants at any level of authority. But it will resist the abuse of this power by any congressional effort to horn in on the running of the Executive Branch.

The distinction may be tested in the case of a McCarthy crony. Robert Walter Scott McLeod, the State Department security officer who last week was deprived of his authority over D.O.S. personnel, McCarthy can call D.O.S. officials before his committee and demand to know why they diluted McLeod's power. But Joe will not be permitted to bully anyone into



SECRETARY WILSON
Damn tommyrot.

Associated Press

a reversal of the decision. Said President Eisenhower, when asked about the McLeod case: the assignment of administrative officers is the responsibility of department heads—and that of no one else.

McCarthy, who went charging about in high dudgeon on first hearing of the McLeod action, cooled off rapidly and said he expected that the State Department, in the normal course of procedure, would forward an explanation. Mild also was his answer to Defense Secretary Charles Wilson, who said McCarthy's charges of the Army's coddling Communists were nothing but "damn tommyrot." Wilson said he would not treat a waiter the way McCarthy treated Brigadier General Ralph Zwicker, and he added: "I always look down on people who are not polite to a waiter." Replied Joe: "I certainly hope Charlie Wilson and I don't have to waste time arguing about Fifth Amendment Communists."

Joe & the Pols

Crooned Illinois' Republican Senator Everett McKinley Dirksen, who parts his metaphors in the middle: "First we have the winter of discontent, then we have the balmy breezes of spring, the refreshed earth. When the fishing and voting season comes, tantrums, testiness, gripes begin to fade. That's the time to get the show on the road." This was merely Dirksen's way of saying that he hopes Senator McCarthy will quit tossing tantrums at the G.O.P. Administration in time for the party to take advantage of Joe's touted vote-getting skills.

Other Republicans were also trying to chew their McCarthy and have it, too. National Chairman Leonard Hall, just leaving the White House after talking to President Eisenhower, said: "While Joe is fighting Communism, I go along and we all go along. When he begins to attack persons who are fighting Communism just as conscientiously as he is, I can't go

along with him." Then Hall told McCarthy the same thing. Joe was not visibly disturbed.

Hall's Republican National Committee had sponsored a recent McCarthy speaking tour across the nation. Would it sponsor another before the November election? Had the top Republican politicians made up their minds whether Joe was a liability or an asset? Last week no clear conclusion was apparent; the pols didn't want Joe in the Administration's hair, but they thought they might need him in the campaigning season. But the pols were not writing Joe's script. Joe was writing it—with more of an eye for his headlines than for the interests of his party.

Joe & the Senate

Emerging from a meeting of Senate Republican leaders, G.O.P. Policy Committee Chairman Homer Ferguson dispelled some foggy talk—including his own—about how to restrain Senator McCarthy by changing committee rules. The Republican leadership might recommend changes, but after that, said Ferguson, it is "up to the committees, each one of them." Added Ferguson: "I suppose each chairman thinks he already has all the rules he needs, otherwise he would have done something about it before this."

Said Vermont's canny Republican Senator George Aiken: "If you have unethical committee and subcommittee chairmen—and I'm not saying we do have them—you're not going to make them ethical by changing the rules." Evidence for this is found in an odd fact: of all the Senate committees, Joe McCarthy's has the most extensive and detailed set of rules.

Joe & the Veterans

Joe McCarthy's bullying treatment of Brigadier General Ralph W. Zwicker made one veterans' outfit see red. Last week the Veterans of Foreign Wars post of Stoughton, Wis., Zwicker's birthplace, gathered in meeting and unanimously adopted a resolution:

"Whereas General Zwicker's record of service to his country includes combat action which has brought him many decorations and honors, including the Silver Star, Legion of Merit with Oak Leaf Cluster, Bronze Star with two Oak Leaf Clusters and Arrowhead, British Distinguished Service Order, French Legion of Honor and Croix de Guerre, and

"Whereas Senator McCarthy's service record includes resigning from the service before the war with Japan was over at a time when his Marine Corps comrades faced months of bloody fighting in the Pacific; false claims about alleged wounds which in fact he did not suffer; claims that he was a 'tail gunner' when in fact he was a Marine Air Force ground intelligence officer; false claims that he entered service as a 'buck private' when in fact he entered as a commissioned officer; efforts to promote decorations for himself;

"Therefore be it resolved that the Stoughton Post of the V.F.W. condemn



SENATOR MCCARTHY & POSTER
Grounded gunner.

the abusive and insulting treatment of General Zwicker by Senator McCarthy and [express] its gratitude to [Zwicker] for the valiant service he has rendered on the battlefield against the enemies of our democracy."

Joe & the Law

Senator McCarthy picked last week to withdraw his \$2,000,000 libel and slander suit against Connecticut's former Democratic Senator William Benton, who in 1952, after charging that McCarthy had engaged in deceit and was not fit to serve in the Senate, waived his senatorial immunity to Joe's libel suit.

In dropping the suit, McCarthy said his lawyers had been unable to find anyone who believed Benton's charges, and therefore Joe was unable to show damage. Within hours, came the inevitable. Walter H. Wheeler Jr. of Stamford, Conn., president of Pitney-Bowes Inc., and former president of the New England Council, wired McCarthy: "Your lawyers could not have looked very hard. I would be glad to testify for you that I believe what Senator Benton has said about you, and I am sure there are many millions of others in this country who would be happy to do likewise."

Susannah & the Elders

Susannah Martin, the Salem fathers believed, was every inch a witch. She sent the devil into cattle, raised phantom puppies and came into the house dry out of a drenching rainstorm. She was therefore hanged on Gallows Hill in 1692, the year of the great Salem witch trials.

Last week, acting on the petition presented by a descendant of Ann Greenleaf Pudeator, another victim of Salem's witch-hunting elders, the Massachusetts House of Representatives approved a bill reversing the convictions of Ann. Susannah and four other women—Bridget Bishop, Alice Parker, Margaret Scott, Wilmet Reed—who were hanged for witchcraft.



EX-SENATOR BENTON
Happy millions.

THE PRESIDENCY

Trade & Aid

Since last June, five U.S. allies in Europe have shipped strategic material worth some \$6,000,000 to Communist countries. President Eisenhower told Congress last week. Under the Battle Act, the President could have cut off U.S. aid to all five nations—Denmark, France, Italy, Norway and Great Britain. He decided not to do so. Reasons: 1) many of the shipments were contracted before the Battle law went into effect, and 2) cutting off U.S. aid would "clearly be detrimental to the security of the U.S."

The President also:

☐ Turned down Tariff Commission recommendations to raise the tariff on foreign wool. Instead, said the President, he will wait for congressional action on a plan to aid domestic wool producers under the agricultural price-support program.

☐ Signed without comment a bill liberalizing pensions for Congressmen and their employees—providing for retirement at 60 after ten years of service. Pension rates will be slightly less than under the present law, which allows retirement at 62 after six years' service.

☐ Reported to Congress that in the last four years the U.S. gave its allies \$7.7 billion in military aid, including 30,702 tanks and combat vehicles, 5,340 aircraft, 601 Navy vessels, 2,000,000 machine guns and small arms.

DEMOCRATS

Target: Ike

From the moment Adlai Stevenson stepped off the plane at the Miami airport last week, the politicians attending the Southern Democratic Conference began to eye him carefully. They noted that he never missed a chance to handshake his way through a crowd, or to greet a potential party foe. And they were convinced, as Stevenson delivered the conference's major speech at a \$100-a-plate dinner, that they were listening to a candidate for 1956 who was getting ready to run on a strong anti-Eisenhower platform.

"This has been a fateful week in the history of American Government," said Stevenson. "We are witnessing the bitter harvest from the seeds of slander, defamation and disunion planted in the soil of our democracy. . . . Where we looked forward to a nation united, we have a people divided. Where we expected candor, we have misrepresentation. Where we expected firm leadership, we have timidity. . . ."

Political Plungers. "And why, you ask, have the demagogues triumphed so often? The answer is inescapable: because a group of political plungers has persuaded the President that McCarthyism is the best Republican formula for political success. Had the Eisenhower Administration chosen to act in defense of itself and of the nation which it must govern, it would have had the grateful and dedicated support of all but a tiny and deluded minority of our people. Yet the Administration

appears to be helpless. . . . It seems to me that this [Secretary of the Army] Stevens incident illustrates what preceding events have made memorably plain: a political party divided against itself—half McCarthy and half Eisenhower—cannot produce national unity; cannot govern with confidence and purpose. And it demonstrates that, so long as it attempts to share power with its enemies, it will inexorably lose power to them."

Even more boldly, Stevenson moved into General Eisenhower's professional field to ask questions about the "new look" military concept (TIME, Jan. 25). "The only thing new about the 'new look' appears to be the weakening of our Navy



Adlai Stevenson—Graphic House
CAMPAIGNER STEVENSON
Between the lines.

and ground forces and reducing the non-atomic programs and policies that we need to win the cold war.

"Was the Administration caught between two conflicting sets of promises—to reduce the budget and strengthen our defenses? Did it choose the former [i.e., the "new look"] because the one thing that could not be cut, the *sine qua non* of our security, was the new weapons and air power?"

Potential Split. Stevenson's speech followed a line laid down earlier by Democratic National Chairman Steve Mitchell: "It is now time to make President Eisenhower our target and charge him with full responsibility for the actions of all Republicans." This line ran counter to the private convictions of many Southern Democrats. Snapped Georgia's Richard Russell: "Mr. Mitchell is perfectly entitled to his opinion." Texas' Lyndon Johnson, Senate minority leader, doggedly stuck to his own elect-Democrats-and-help-Eisenhower line. The truth was that most Southern Democrats thought Stevenson would have done better to talk about low farm prices and the state of the

economy rather than call attention to party splits. Reason: the Democratic Party itself may be ripped wide open if the Supreme Court rules against segregation in schools in the cases now pending.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Leave-Taking

As shot and shell continued to fall around the Pentagon last week, Deputy Defense Secretary Roger M. Kyes announced his resignation. Because many editors assumed it had something to do with McCarthy, it got bigger headlines than it would ordinarily rate.

Kyes seemed surprised that anyone would think he was fleeing from Joe's barrage. Said he: "I am not known as a man who runs from a fight." Actually, he had agreed to come to Washington for only a year, and his time was up. But he was persuaded by Defense Secretary Charles Wilson, his old boss at the General Motors Corp., to delay his leave-taking until May 1. When the word leaked into newspaper columns, Kyes decided to make the announcement.

He will stay around long enough to help explain the new U.S. defense program to Congress, which has come to regard him highly. In the Pentagon, too, tough Roger Kyes used his year to become a man who is respected, if not beloved.

To succeed Kyes the White House turned to Navy Secretary Robert Anderson, who has won recognition as a real find of the Eisenhower Administration. Anderson, who has not let the admirals run his office, has shown an ability to express the principles underlying U.S. foreign and defense policy.

Other departures last week:

☐ C. D. Jackson, 51, resigned effective April 1 as President Eisenhower's adviser on cold-war planning. He will return to TIME Inc.

☐ Donald B. Lourie, 54, former president of Quaker Oats, left his post as Under Secretary of State for Administration.

☐ Arthur H. Dean, 55, Wall Street attorney and former law partner of Secretary of State Dulles, formally resigned as special U.S. envoy to the Korean peace talks at Panmunjom.

☐ John F. Kane, 39, a Truman Administration holdover, resigned as special assistant (for public relations) to Army Secretary Robert Stevens. Announced reason: Kane did not like the Republican Administration's handling of the McCarthy-Army row. Wrote he to Stevens: "If those who are infinitely more skilled in politics and publicity could have your courage, there would be a quick end to this fight."

An Eloquent Answer

When he was campaigning for President, Dwight Eisenhower was asked whether he would appoint Negroes to important positions in the Government. He said he would, whenever he found a man qualified for the job available. Last

week he found a man eminently qualified, and made him the first Negro ever appointed to a sub-Cabinet position in the U.S. The appointee: Chicago Attorney J. (for nothing) Ernest Wilkins, 60, who will be Assistant Secretary of Labor for International Affairs, representing the U.S. at international labor conferences.

The son of a Missouri Baptist preacher, sturdy, bulb-nosed Ernest Wilkins became a brilliant mathematician and a Phi Beta Kappa at the University of Illinois, wrote a thesis on algebraic numbers theory before he graduated in 1918. After serving overseas in World War I, he worked his way through the University of Chicago's law school, became a prosperous lawyer, was president of the Cook County Bar Association in 1941-42. One of the leading U.S. laymen in the Methodist Church, Republican Wilkins has been serving as vice chairman of the presidential committee seeking to eliminate racial discrimination in plants with Government contracts.

Wilkins and his wife, who is recording secretary of the Women's Division of Christian Service, a Methodist organization, have three remarkable sons.

¶ J. Ernest Jr., 30, who entered the University of Chicago at 13, got his bachelor of science degree at 16, a Ph.D. in mathematical physics at 19, worked on the wartime atomic-bomb project, is now an industrial scientist at White Plains, N.Y.

¶ John Robinson, 28, who got his bachelor of arts degree from the University of Wisconsin at 18, graduated from the Harvard Law School at 21 after serving on the Harvard Law Review, is now a lawyer in the U.S. Department of Justice.

¶ Julian Byrd, 27, who entered the University of Wisconsin at 14, graduated with a bachelor of arts degree at 17, spent 20 months in the military service, graduated from the Harvard Law School in 1949, is now his father's law partner.

Philosophizing on his appointment last week, Wilkins said: "I consider this an honor not to Wilkins individually but to my race in general. I think that this is an answer more eloquent than anything I could say to those who say that the American Government is not fair to all of its citizens."

THE CONGRESS

Aftermath

*I love you, lady of Puerto Rico,
Like the noble blood that has sanctified
The Fatherland of Betances and of
Diego*
And of the wise master, Albizu
Campos . . .*

Manhattan police, poking through the tenement apartment of Lolita Lebrón, last week uncovered several such impassioned verses among her drab effects. They were written by Lolita, the fiery divorcee who

organized and led the armed assault on Congress (TIME, March 8), and they serve as a sort of battle hymn for the fanatic Puerto Rican Nationalist Party that also staged the 1950 assault on Blair House. Lolita, police discovered, is a convicted thief and forger who has spent much of her adult life in prison. Last week, as she and her friends were indicted on ten counts of assault (maximum sentence: 125 years), she seemed likely to spend some of her future there, too.

"This Lunacy." As the five victims of the shooting spree convalesced in hospitals, authorities in Puerto Rico and on the mainland moved swiftly to prevent further bloodshed and to squelch the Na-

found Albizu, clad in blue pajamas, his legs wrapped in wet towels (he is under the impression that the U.S. is bombarding them with death rays), cowering on the floor with two women friends.*

"This Virulent Germ." In Washington, guards were increased at the White House; at the Capitol, admission to the galleries was rigidly restricted. Congressmen, with a prickly sensation in their napes, pondered how to protect themselves against assassins. Speaker Martin called in all old guest cards to the galleries.

Secret Service Chief U. E. Baughman, who revealed that he had uncovered and squelched another Nationalist plot on President Eisenhower's life last Novem-



United Press

ALBIZU CAMPOS (CENTER) AFTER ARREST
A Harvard man gave a Molotov cocktail party.

tionalist Party. Soon after the shooting, Commonwealth Governor Luis Muñoz Marín was in Washington to express to President Eisenhower the shocked "indignation" of his people for "this savage and unbelievable lunacy." On his return to San Juan, he ordered police to round up leaders of the Nationalists. Communists and other parties of violence.

Lolita's "wise master," crackpot Nationalist Chief Albizu Campos, called the attack on Congress "an act of sublime heroism." The Harvard-educated Albizu, who inspired the 1950 plots against Harry Truman and Muñoz, had been released from prison last September because of his increasing mental deterioration. (His followers do not seem to notice that he is mad.) When police set out to arrest him at his apartment in downtown San Juan last week, they were greeted by a blast of bullets and homemade Molotov cocktails that splattered on the cobblestone street. The police drew back, began a two-hour gun battle. Their second approach was spearheaded by several well-aimed teargas bombs.

In a second-floor apartment, the police

ber, was frankly worried about future Puerto Rican violence. So was Governor Muñoz, who hoped, by jailing the Nationalist leaders, to "definitely end this virulent germ of infection."

The problem was not Puerto Rico itself, which has one of the fastest-rising living standards in the world. Governor Muñoz "Operation Bootstrap" has brought 316 industries to the island and given it the second or third highest living standard in Latin America. Puerto Ricans are 90% self-governing, and all but a fanatic handful know that they can have the other 10% whenever they ask for it.

Albizu & Co., products of a bitter and seemingly hopeless past, are being isolated from their countrymen by progress. But partly because of their complete political failure they are, for the present, a serious terrorist menace, a "clear and present danger" against which the Puerto Rican authorities took the obvious action.

* Dr. Ramón Betances and José de Diego were 19th century Puerto Rican patriots who demanded that Spain free their country.

* One, Doris Torresola, is the sister of Terrorist Griselin Torresola, who was shot and killed behind a hedge near Blair House during the attempt to assassinate President Truman.

NEW YORK

Solid Gold Sully

Governor Thomas Dewey, who got his flying start in politics as an investigator, is now in the embarrassing position of seeing some of his closest political friends caught in a Dewey-ordered investigation. Last week another chapter in New York's harness-racing scandal disclosed that some of the most highly placed Republicans in the state had made fantastic profits from the racket-ridden \$272 million-a-year New York trotting tracks.

Sprague's Daughter. J. Russel Sprague, G.O.P. boss of Nassau County and longtime Dewey lieutenant, resigned from the Republican National Committee last fall when he was identified as an owner of stock in Yonkers Raceway. Last week Sprague testified that he still owns a large block of Yonkers stock and has netted \$64,000 from holdings in Roosevelt Raceway in his own Nassau County. Race-Track Counsel George Morton Levy added that in 1946 Levy had bought \$2,500 worth of Roosevelt stock for Sprague's daughter; this was listed in Levy's name "so that people wouldn't think Sprague owned it," and was sold for \$150,000 last fall "in anticipation of these hearings."

Secretary of State Thomas J. Curran, Republican leader of Manhattan, said that he got \$10,000 for introducing two lawyers who wanted to negotiate the purchase of the Yonkers track site. From another source, whose connections were never fully explained, Curran's wife got 500 shares of Yonkers stock. "I told him [the donor] not to," said Curran, "and I didn't think he would." Mrs. Curran hesitated for almost two years, however, before returning the stock just as the investigating commission was set up. Among other free-loading Republicans:

¶ State Public Service Commissioner Benjamin Feinberg whose family collected dividends on stock held in his son-in-law's name. Purchase price, paid out of dividends: \$2,100. Present worth: \$100,000.

¶ John R. Crews, Republican leader of Brooklyn, who invested \$200 for stock now worth \$20,000; and Frank Kenna, Queens borough boss, who harvested \$2,800 in dividends from stock a friend bought on Kenna's tip.

¶ Pat E. Provenzano, who abruptly resigned as assistant secretary of the state senate last fall, and last week disclosed that the Genesee Monroe Racing Association had been paying him \$25,000 a year. Besides, he owned \$180,000 worth of Yonkers stock.

On the Other Side. Some Democrats were among those exposed. Irving Sherman, pal of onetime Mayor William O'Dwyer and of underworld big shots, was named as the former owner, under another name, of \$336,800 in Yonkers stock. Mrs. Jeanne Weiss, daughter of the late Democratic Leader Irving Steingut, paid \$250 for Yonkers stock later valued at \$45,000. James J. Dunnigan, son of a one-time Democratic state senator who co-authored the New York pari-mutuel gam-



NEW YORK'S SPRAGUE
A \$64,000 windfall.

International

bling law, bought control of the Buffalo Raceway on a loan, put his father on the payroll for a seven-year total of \$182,816. James himself, and other members of his family, did even better, clearing \$511,000 within a ten-year period.

New York bubbled with speculation as to how the week's revelations would affect Tom Dewey's pending decision whether to run for another term as governor. Dewey himself gave no clue, but this week made it clear who had appointed the harness-racing investigators in the first place. "I instructed them to turn harness tracks upside down and inside out," said Dewey. "They have done exactly that."



NEW JERSEY'S CASE
A \$40,000 resignation.

Ellsworth Schnell

POLITICAL NOTES

Stirrings of Spring

In most U.S. congressional districts, a man whose wife has accused him of adultery with a round dozen women would be carrying an impossible political handicap. But in California's 26th (southwest Los Angeles) this week, James Roosevelt, F.D.R.'s eldest son, stood up before the 26th's Democratic district convention to ask its endorsement as the party's candidate for Congress. A few delegates booed, but the majority heard Jimmy out, cheered him heartily. By a vote of 91-77 the convention endorsed Jimmy for the party nomination in the heavily Democratic 26th.

Other stirrings of political spring:

¶ In Maine, the whole state is talking about the Jones boy, Young (32), brash Robert L. Jones, once a big noise in the state Young Republican organization, announced that he will run against U.S. Senator Margaret Chase Smith in the Republican primary next June. Most political observers are less interested in Candidate Jones than in the man they believe is behind him: Joe McCarthy. The Wisconsin Senator has neither forgotten nor forgiven Senator Smith's 1950 "declaration of conscience" attacking McCarthy's methods. Last November, when McCarthy spoke in Bangor and Portland, Jones was at his side and in his speeches ("A Maine boy who is making a name for himself," said Joe). Last month Michigan's Republican Senator Charles Potter fired McCarthy's Maine boy as his research assistant after Jones 1) issued an unauthorized statement backing McCarthy in the Army affair and 2) continued to set up his campaign against Mrs. Smith. Last week Jones insisted that he is not a McCarthy candidate at all. But he took pains to classify Mrs. Smith as a "left-winger" and Senator McCarthy as "a great patriot."

¶ In Alabama, U.S. Senator John Jackson Sparkman is facing a real fight for renomination, largely because he was the Democratic candidate for Vice President in 1952. His chief opponent, Birmingham's Democratic Representative Laurie Calvin Battle, is campaigning effectively on the charge that Sparkman has let geography be his guide on the civil-rights issue during and since the 1952 campaign. Said Battle: "He kicked it on one side of the Mason-Dixon Line and caught it on the other."

¶ In New Mexico, two good men bowed deeply to each other, then started down the track in what is expected to be a close race for the U.S. Senate. Said popular Governor Ed Mecham: "I guess I'm the only Republican simple-minded enough to run against my opponent." Said Democratic Senator Clinton Anderson: "Thank God I'm running against a clean, honest man."

¶ In California's Sixteenth District (west Los Angeles County), Republican Representative Donald Lester Jackson faces trouble. A member of the House Un-

American Activities Committee, Jackson last year said that Washington's Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam "has been to the Communist front what Man of War was to thoroughbred horse racing [serving] God on Sunday and the Communist front for the balance of the week . . ." Recalling that comment, the Rev. S. (for nothing) Mark Hogue, minister of the Westwood Hills Congregational Church, announced that he is going after the Democratic nomination for Jackson's seat. Said Candidate Hogue: "I am . . . dedicated to the American tradition of freedom of religion. I feel very strongly that Mr. Jackson has endangered that freedom in his brutal attacks on Bishop Oxnam and the Methodist Church."

¶ In safely Democratic Oklahoma, wise-cracking U.S. Senator Robert Kerr, a millionaire oilman who fancied himself as a contender for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1952, will have to fight to hold his Senate seat. His opponent in the Democratic primary: former Governor Roy Turner, millionaire oil & cattleman, who will have the quiet support of Kerr's Democratic colleague in the Senate, Mike Monroney.

¶ In New Jersey, former Representative Clifford Philip Case resigned as the \$40,000-a-year president of the Ford Foundation's Fund for the Republic to file for the Republican nomination for the U.S. Senate. Case, who built a good record during his five terms in the House and was a key man in the Eisenhower pre-inauguration organization in 1952, stands a good chance of unseating ineffective Senator Robert Hendrickson in the G.O.P. primary.

¶ In Philadelphia, the split in the Democratic organizations all but ruined the Democrats' good chance to win the governorship of Pennsylvania. Because he could not get a solid endorsement from the squabbling party organization at home, Philadelphia's District Attorney Richardson Dilworth has declined to run for governor. That practically assures the election of Republican Lloyd H. Wood, a lawyer and turkey farmer now serving as lieutenant governor.

¶ In South Carolina, Governor James Francis Byrnes, 74, who has spent 44 years in public offices ranging from court reporter to U.S. Secretary of State, announced that he is withdrawing from politics. Byrnes, who cannot succeed himself as governor, asked Democrats in his home county (Spartanburg) not to elect him as a delegate to the state convention this month.

NEBRASKA

Diogenes on the Trail

Across the plains of Nebraska last week skimmed a little airplane labeled "Operation Honesty." Its passenger was Nebraska's Republican Governor Robert Crosby, and his pockets were bulging with lapel buttons and pledge cards also marked "Operation Honesty." Before the week was out, he had flown 1,284 miles to

make nine speeches, and had collapsed with indigestion and fatigue. Bob Crosby was working on a fatiguing assignment: to collect taxes without adequate enforcement machinery.

Governor Crosby's tax problems began on Jan. 9, 1953, the day after he took office. That day the Nebraska Supreme Court ruled that property must be assessed uniformly throughout the state, at market value. For 32 years Nebraska law had said precisely that, but officials in some counties had assessed real estate at as low as 14% of value. The highest county valuation standard was 70%.

Wink & Guffaw. Since the court ruling would cause a fantastic increase in tax valuations, the legislature changed the law to call for assessment at 50% of actual value. Then the state board of equalization, Governor Robert Crosby, chairman,

he done about it, because personal-property tax laws are almost impossible to enforce. Farmers in two western Nebraska counties reported 61,863 head of livestock, but no hay or grain. Said Crosby: "The livestock would have starved in a few days."

In the face of this situation, Crosby launched Operation Honesty. Its aim: to persuade citizens to file full, honest reports of all personal property. If all did so, real-estate taxes could be cut 25%.

Hostility & Warmth. Since Nov. 20, the 42-year-old governor has traveled 9,000 miles, made 79 hour-long speeches, distributed 30,000 buttons and pledge cards in the cause of Operation Honesty. Every piece of mail that has gone out from the Statehouse has bravely carried the label. When some of Crosby's political opponents dug up the fact that his own



Edwin Sides—Omaha World-Herald

NEBRASKA'S GOVERNOR CROSBY
Buttons in his pockets, a lantern in his hand.

set out to equalize the assessments from county to county. This meant that almost every real-estate owner in Nebraska was hit with an increase in taxes. In Crosby's home town, North Platte, town-plot tax valuations more than tripled. Although the State Supreme Court had forced the action, most of the public ire was directed at one man: Governor Crosby.

To improve both his own position and that of the stricken real-estate owner, Crosby decided to seek better results from the state's personal-property tax. If Nebraskans had winked at the real-estate tax, they had guffawed at the personal-property tax. Few reported all personal property for assessment, as required by the law. In Omaha, a violinist in the symphony orchestra reported no violin, a furrier no furs, a camera dealer no camera, a jeweler no jewelry, the manager of a television station no TV set. Not much could

taxable personal-property return for 1952 amounted to \$605, his friends pointed out that in his county the average return was only \$145, and only \$11.68 in the county with the poorest record. Crosby, admitting his share of the general laxness, quipped: "In 1952 I was a candidate for Governor. They should have looked at my returns from three or four years ago."

Almost everywhere that Crosby went, he was greeted with hostility that slowly turned into warmth. Everybody admitted that he meant well. After hearing his speech, the State Certified Public Accountants Association presented him with an electric lantern and a sign reading: "A modern Diogenes in search of an honest man." But this week, as the personal-property returns were beginning to come in, no one—not even the modern Diogenes—thought that many of them could be 100% honest.

FOREIGN NEWS

THE COLD WAR

Controversy Ended?

The Ministers of France gathered one morning last week in the President's Elysée Palace to hear a crucial report from the Minister of Defense, just back from the Indo-China battle fronts. The military situation is not critical, reported René Pleven, but it is discouraging. The French Union forces cannot win decisively over the Communists, but they can keep the Communists from winning. Pleven's recommendation: hold on and try to negotiate an honorable settlement of the Indo-China war.

Cautiously, Premier Joseph Laniel and Foreign Minister Georges Bidault tried to extract a policy out of the paradox of a war France could find no way to win yet dared not lose. The Geneva Conference was not far off. The National Assembly demanded to know when the government proposed to stand when the diplomats at Geneva discussed Indo-China.

No Such Conditions. Two days later Premier Laniel, trim and neat in a blue suit, with a white handkerchief peeping from his breast pocket, lumbered into the Assembly to take on the debaters. Why did the government not accept Indian Prime Minister Nehru's proposal for a cease-fire, to be followed by negotiations? the Socialists demanded. Was it because the Americans said not? The U.S. added Socialist Daniel Mayer, is, after all, paying most of the bill in the war.

A thin, hawklike Deputy from the Communist "Progressive" party leaned over the tribune and taunted the Government Ministers. France, he insisted, is paying for U.S. aid by letting the U.S. call out the tune.

From his seat, Laniel boomed: "No! No such political conditions have been imposed." He rose and went to the tribune. "We have studied this question with all attention possible," said he. "We consider as unacceptable all plans which, under the color of a 'cease-fire,' would begin by putting in peril our soldiers and our friends without . . . guarantees of . . . a durable peace."

Then Laniel ticked off France's conditions for an Indo-Chinese cease-fire: 1) evacuation of all Reds from the states of Laos and Cambodia; 2) creation of an agreed no man's land around the perimeter of the vital Red River Delta; 3) withdrawal of scattered Communist units in central Viet Nam into predesignated "standing zones" from which they could not move; 4) disarmament or evacuation of Viet Minh rebels in south Viet Nam; 5) guarantees against "reinforcements"—presumably war supplies from Communist China.

No Point in Arguing. Laniel's conditions were plainly too much to ask of Ho Chi Minh's far-from-beaten Viet Minh forces, and the French government knew it when it allowed Laniel to make



AGIP—Black Star

PREMIER LANIEL
Out of paradox, a policy.

them public. But they were a deliberate prelude to something else. "Up until 1953," said Laniel, "two tendencies clashed in French opinion. Some hoped for an end to the conflict by negotiation. Others believed that we might triumph by force of arms . . . Today, this controversy is ended. In fact, we are unanimous from here on in hoping to settle the war by negotiation. This is understood. There is no point in anyone arguing . . ."

It did not mean that the French were preparing to quit the war and let Communism funnel down into all Southeast Asia. But it was clear notice to the Communists—and to France's allies—that the French were abandoning the notion of winning the Indo-Chinese war, and that they were going to Geneva next month with compromise in their hearts.

INDO-CHINA

Raids in the Night

Barefoot Communist guerrillas crept through damp grass one night last week to the edge of Hanoi's civil airfield, one of the two biggest in Indo-China. They cut a silent path through the barbed wire, split into teams of two, and made unnoticed for the DC-3s and Bristol Type 170s on the runway.

It took the raiders half an hour to fasten stick bombs to fuselages, landing gears and engines.

The explosions shook the city and French general headquarters, less than 5,000 yards away. "A thunderstorm," said one Frenchman. "Fireworks," said another. But telephones soon brought the facts: the Communists had knocked out twelve transport aircraft, perhaps

one-tenth of France's airlift fleet in Indo-China.

Three nights later some 40 black-garbed Communist night raiders struck at another base near Haiphong, where 44 U.S. Air Force technicians are stationed. This time French guards stopped the Communists, not far from the U.S. billets, before they could fix their bombs (Cointreau liqueur bottles filled with incendiary liquid) to some C-119s.

NATO

Old & New

Additions to NATO's atomic-age arsenal:

To the U.S. Seventh Army in Germany went a second battalion of atomic artillery, making a total of at least twelve of the monster 280-mm. A-guns now installed in Germany.

To Turkey the U.S. sent 806 Army mules, the last of 5,600 shipped overseas to help the Turks haul their military hardware up & down the Caucasus crags.

JAPAN

New Treaty

A wheel of history came full circle last week. In Tokyo, the U.S. and Japan signed a mutual defense assistance agreement in which the U.S. undertakes to arm the nation it was fighting only nine years ago. The crucial clause: "The government of Japan . . . will make, consistent with the political and economic stability of Japan, the full contribution permitted by its manpower, resources, facilities, and general economic conditions to the development and maintenance of its own strength and the defensive strength of the free world."

As a start, the Japanese will get 600,000 tons of U.S. surplus grain and U.S. orders for the sagging Japanese munitions industry will be stepped up. Japan will place specific requests for U.S. military equipment (planes, ships, guns) year by year, depending on how fast it can afford to expand its armed forces.

The treaty was a major step toward the day when U.S. forces can withdraw from Japan, and Japan takes its place as a friend and ally in the defense of the anti-Communist world.

GERMANY

Decent Burial

The grisliest petty tyrants in history were in all likelihood the men and women who ran Germany's infamous concentration and extermination camps for the greater glory of Hitler's Nazi Reich. Within three years after V-E day, 91 of them were tried for a deluge of crimes—in some cases up to 1,000 murders apiece—and then were hanged in the courtyard of Lower Saxony's yellow-walled Hameln prison. They were buried on the spot in

INDO-CHINA: THE WORLD'S OLDEST WAR

Duration: Seven years, two months and three weeks to date.

Battleground: An area about the size of Texas forming the Associated States of Viet Nam (pop. 23 million), Laos (1,100,000) and Cambodia (3,700,000).

Contenders: Up to 500,000 anti-Communist troops (Frenchmen, Vietnamese, Thais, Laotians, Cambodians, Moroccans, Senegalese and foreign legionnaires from several nations, including thousands of Germans) v. about 360,000 Communist regulars and irregulars.

ROUND ONE, 1945-46

How It Began

In October 1945, the French returned to Indo-China, their "marvelous balcony on the Pacific." The Japanese had surrendered, the British and the Nationalist Chinese were in merely nominal occupation—by order of the Big Three at Potsdam—and would soon be gone. "My mission," proclaimed the new High Commissioner, "is to re-establish French sovereignty," and the French could see no wrong in that. In 80 years before World War II, they had invested \$2 billion in Indo-China, 28% of it for such public works as 900 health institutions, 12,600 schools. The French reduced infant mortality by 50%; they built 13,800 miles of improved roads, railroads and canals; their irrigation projects brought 13 million more acres under cultivation. But the French were not wanted back. Frenchmen had made a lot of money out of Indo-China, and their administrators were often disliked. They had been discredited by the easy Japanese conquest. Like most South Asians, the Indo-Chinese simply wanted their independence. French General Jacques Leclerc had to fight to clear nationalist guerrillas from the capital, Saigon (pop. 1,000,000).

Who were these nationalists, who came from the jungles to take over all Indo-China when the Japanese surrendered? They represented all colors of the anti-white spectrum, but their dominant hue was Red. The Communist leader was a tubercular agitator who learned his trade in Moscow. His name: Ho Chi Minh.

In March 1946, the French made a deal with Ho, who held the north firmly with Japanese arms and Nationalist China's support. They recognized Ho's government as a "free" state within the French Union, and Ho let the French army into his capital, Hanoi (pop. 237,000). The French invited Ho to Fontainebleau as a chief of state to work out details of the agreement. By November, Ho was back in Indo-China, offering to work "in loyal cooperation" with the French. But the French soon learned, as others have painfully since, that Communist "interpretations" always differed from theirs.

On Dec. 10, Ho ordered a surprise attack against the French garrison at Hanoi. His men blew up the power station, raid-

ed a hospital. France declared it would not yield to such violence, and the war was on. "The battle will be long and difficult," said Ho. All this got little attention in Washington, 13,000 air miles away. President Franklin D. Roosevelt had referred to French colonialism's "shocking record"; the U.S. now stipulated that U.S. economic aid to France must not be diverted to its colonial war.

ROUND TWO, 1946-49

The Local War

Through 1947 and 1948 the Indo-China war indeed seemed to be little more than another colonial war. In February 1947, the French drove the Communists away from Hanoi. In May, they demanded that Ho lay down his arms. In October, the French moved out from Hanoi towards the 500-mile China frontier. But they could not bring Ho to battle.

Belatedly, the French looked around for more reliable nationalist support. They finally picked on Bao Dai, 40, a fun-loving descendant of the ancient Annamite emperors, who had collaborated with the Japanese, and later with Ho Chi Minh. In 1948, the French asked Bao Dai to return to Indo-China as chief of state for Viet Nam. In March 1949, the French gave Bao Dai's state "independence within the framework of the French Union." In April, Bao Dai landed in Indo-China. "I risk my skin," said he, justifiably, for he got but little support. "COMMUNISM NO—COLONIALISM NEVER" was the current slogan, and Bao Dai was widely held to be a French puppet. In time, some 200,000 Vietnamese came to join Bao Dai's army. But many more Vietnamese stayed away: they chose wait-and-seeism instead.

ROUND THREE, 1950-7

The International War

In December 1949, Red China's triumphant Mao Tse-tung reached the Indo-China border, and started ferrying up to 3,000 tons of supplies a month to Comrade Ho. In January 1950, Moscow and Peking recognized Ho Chi Minh's "Democratic Republic." In February 1950, the U.S. recognized Bao Dai's state, and 37 of its allies followed suit. In June 1950, the U.S. sent its first shipment of arms. When the Communists struck in Korea, President Truman sent military advisers to Saigon. The world issue was joined.

In October 1950, the Communists tore up a line of French forts along the China border, killed or captured 2,300 out of 3,000 French Union troops near Cao Bang, and shoved the remnants back to Hanoi. In disaster, the proud French back home rallied strong. France sent in its best man, General Jean de Lattre de Tassigny. "From now on," dynamic De Lattre told his men, "you will be led."

In January 1951, De Lattre blunted

the Communist offensive at Vinnyen, 25 miles short of Hanoi. In April he stopped them at Dongtrieu, and in May, again, at the Day River. The high-riding French coined a new phrase: *Esprit De Lattre*. In November, the great soldier cried, "From now on, the initiative is mine," and launched France's biggest attack. But the Communists faded back into the jungles, and would not give battle.

In January 1952, De Lattre died of cancer. His successor, General Raoul Salan, was anxious to reduce casualties and so were his Cabinet superiors in Paris. Salan embalmed 140,000 men in 5,000,000 tons of concrete—some 10,000 forts, emplacements and bunkers up and down Indo-China. The Communists could not get at him, but neither could he get at the Communists. In May 1953, General Henri-Eugène Navarre took over. His plan: increase Bao Dai's army from 200,000 to 500,000 so it could watch the quiet areas while he, Navarre, went after the Communists with his striking force. "Victory is a woman," said Navarre. "She does not give herself except to those who know how to take her." But if Navarre knew how, the French Cabinet back home seemed very tired. "How do you think it feels," said one politician, "to fight alone for seven years in a war that is militarily hopeless, politically dead-end and economically ruinous." Bao Dai's special congress did not help French morale by voting, roundly, that it wanted no part of the French Union in its present form. And in July 1953, the U.N. negotiated a truce in Korea. Across France a great cry swelled: *Finish la sale guerre* by negotiation—like the clever Americans in Korea. That cry is loud now.

U.S. Involvement: The U.S. is now paying 70% of the war's financial cost. Since 1950 it has sent \$500 million a year to Indo-China. Among the items: 360 military planes, 390 warships, 21,000 trucks and trailers, 1,400 tanks, half-tracks and other combat vehicles, 175,000 rifles and machine guns. In September 1953, President Eisenhower stepped up this aid by \$385 million. "We are not voting a giveaway program," the President said. "We are voting for the cheapest way we can prevent the occurrence of something that would be of a most terrible significance to the U.S.A." Secretary of State Dulles warned Red China that full-scale aggression south into Indo-China "could not occur without grave consequences, which might not be confined to Indo-China." In January 1954, the U.S. ordered some 250 Air Force technicians to duty in Indo-China.

The Cost: French expeditionary forces: 34,600 killed and missing (including 16,500 Frenchmen), 34,500 wounded, Indo-Chinese nationalists: 31,900 killed, 24,500 wounded. The Communists: 222,000 killed, 230,000 captured. More than 2,000,000 Indo-Chinese civilians are homeless.



PREMIER-PRESIDENT NAGUIB & CAIRO FOLLOWERS
Behind the smiles, more troubles.

International

plain coffins in a common unmarked grave. Most were ex-wardens from nightmarish Belsen, including snot-faced ex-Commandant Joseph Kramer the "Beast of Belsen," and his 21-year-old girl assistant Irma Grese, whose particular hobby consisted of turning her fierce dogs loose on Belsen's helpless inmates.

Few Germans have shed public tears over the passing of Kramer & Co. But since 1950, when the British turned Hameln prison back to the West German Federal Republic, there has been continuous pressure to give the Belsen criminals a "decent burial." "Don't forget," snapped one German, "80% of those people were innocent."

Last week, as quietly as possible, the government of Lower Saxony bowed to the demands, dug the corpses out of the prison yard, repacked each in a small box and reburied them in Hameln's municipal cemetery. "Relatives wanted to visit the graves, and we couldn't have all those strangers stomping through our jail," an official apologized. "At last," crowed Hannover's *Allgemeine Zeitung*, "they have found worthy resting places."

EGYPT

"Passing Cloud"

There is a time to retreat, just as there is a time to advance, and last week Lieut. Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser, zealous leader of Egypt's revolution, knew that the time had come to retire to more defensible lines. "Our trouble," said he, "is that we kept acting like idealists instead of politicians."

Nasser, secluded 18 hours a day in his workroom by the Nile, had miscalculated the country's temper. He had underestimated the popular appeal of General Mohammed Naguib, overestimated the unity

of the officers' corps (which turned out to be honeycombed with fellow travelers), misjudged the troublemaking capacity of the supposedly cowed Wafdist politicians and Moslem Brotherhoods. To bring the shaken-up Revolutionary regime back into the confidence of the people, political salesmanship was called for.

This lesson learned, Nasser began one afternoon last week to mend some fences. He met with Naguib and Dr. Abdel el Sanhoury, chief of the State Council (Supreme Court). They talked earnestly until dark, then sped to the home of old Aly Maher, four times a Premier and a master of Egypt's political meteorology, to talk some more. Late that night, Aly Maher called in the press and announced that Nasser and his Revolutionary Command Council were relaxing their grip and would gradually turn Egypt toward parliamentary rule. The timetable: in June, the election of a 250-man Constituent Assembly; in July, an Assembly meeting to ratify a new constitution; by January 1956, free elections for a new democratic Parliament. The R.C.C. said it will then fade away. As a starter, news censorship was lifted.

But concessions to the outside were not enough to restore stability within Colonel Nasser's tense little Revolutionary team. Through the week, the military council rumbled with repercussions from the turbulent events which tumbled Frontman Naguib out of the presidency and the premiership, then yanked him back, smiling and presumably of good heart, to exercise only the lesser, presidential half of his former powers, while Nasser himself became Premier. But behind the smiles lurked more troubles.

Early this week, the R.C.C. gave Nasser the new title of Military Governor (undisputed boss of the martial law now

in effect in Egypt), to go with his ten-day-old title of Premier. But next day more dissension broke out among the Revolutionaries, and the R.C.C. rushed into emergency session at Army GHQ. One member left, muttering: "Naguib wants too much."

A few hours later the officers met again, this time with some civilian Cabinet Ministers. Out of the second meeting came another strange reversal: at Colonel Nasser's suggestion, announced a spokesman, Mohammed Naguib had once more been designated Premier, as well as President. Colonel Nasser was stepping back down to Vice Premier. The sudden Cabinet shifts of a fortnight earlier were rescinded. "The setup [is] as before," said the R.C.C. All the stormy doings of two weeks, it added, had been but "a passing cloud."

It was plain that more clouds still hang over Cairo.

How Zeezee Made Good

"Idiots," stormed Mme. Mustafa el Nahas at her husband's Cabinet ministers. "You join Cabinets and come out poor. You should make a fortune." Zeezee, a plump girl with a hard eye, showed them how. In a few years she transformed a miserly monthly inheritance of £4 (\$11.50) and her Premier-husband's moderate salary into a fortune in millions, hundreds of fertile acres and a gleaming yacht. Senile Salsaf, as her husband was called, a onetime fellow who rose to boss Egypt's Wafd Party, blossomed out in Sulka ties, hired a valet, vacationed on the Riviera.

Before Cairo's special post-revolution tribunal probing Farouk era corruption, a parade of witnesses itemized Zeezee's climb to riches:

Q She got the Cabinet to issue a decree that put her and her friends into a posi-



United Press

MADAME EL NAHAS
She showed the boys.

tion to corner the cotton market. Zeezee netted thousands; the government lost millions.

¶ She had a road and a landing stage built on her estate at government expense.

¶ She smuggled £70,000 worth of diamonds to Palestine on a special government train in 1943, sold them there at a higher price.

¶ On one birthday alone she accepted "gifts" worth £100,000.

¶ Soon after she "bought" 80 acres from her good companion, Fuad Serag el Din (TIME, Feb. 8), he became a pasha and Agriculture Minister in her husband's Cabinet.

¶ She arranged the firing of overscrupulous Cabinet ministers who interfered with her brothers' shady export-import transactions.

After 14 days of listening to the details, the court this week had heard enough and issued its verdict: seizure of Zeezee's assets, worth about \$600,000, plus the fortune accumulated by her two brothers. Zeezee, because she was suffering a nervous breakdown and various other ailments, was excused from attending the trial and allowed to sit it out in her Cairo palace. But the court took the palace, too.

SYRIA

New Tenants

Having finally evicted tough little Dictator Adib Shisheky, Syria's successful conspirators spent their energies last week in emptying the ashtrays, rearranging the furniture, scratching the name off the mailbox and generally trying to erase all the signs that Shisheky had ever lived there.

Joining together in uneasy collaboration, the groups which overthrew the Shisheky regime 1) abrogated Shisheky's martial law decree; 2) closed up the offices of his personal political party (the Arab Liberation Movement); 3) abolished the 1953 "Shisheky" constitution, which concentrated all power in the hands of the executive; and 4) announced that there would be general elections soon—perhaps in three months.

To run things until the elections—or until someone else decides to move in for himself—the mixture of soldiers, nationalists, socialists and others who joined in ousting Shisheky picked as new Premier stout, bespectacled Sabri el Asali, a right-wing Damascus lawyer. Around him was assembled a Cabinet notable mostly for its lack of political notables. One exception: Defense Minister Marouf Dawalibi, who was Premier when Shisheky assumed power two years ago.

Dawalibi, 50, an oyster-smooth politician who suggests a corpulent Fu Manchu, is a man of pronounced dislikes (among them: Jews, Britons, Americans). In World War II he worked in Berlin for a time with the pro-Nazi Mufti of Jerusalem. He professes not to fear Russia: "The Arabs would prefer a thousandfold

to become a Soviet republic than a prey to world Jewry."

In Beirut, where he lived in exile until last fortnight's revolution, Dawalibi recently told a TIME correspondent: "The West wants us to forget about the enemy on our border [Israel] and worry about



DEFENSE MINISTER DAWALIBI
He prefers the Russians.

people thousands of miles away [Russia]. The West thinks we ought to follow them, just when they've helped the Jews to take away the Arab's country. . . . The trouble with you Americans is that you always want other people to take your advice. You don't take anyone else's advice, and why should we?"

RUSSIA

But Nobody Outsees G.U.M.

Inside the huge store, the crowd was so thick that the militia stood by to keep order. Peasants in tanned-sheepskin coats and felt boots, city matrons in mouton-collared coats stared in awe at yard upon gleaming yard of silks and satins produced by Soviet textile plants. In the 36 years of Communist rule, they had never seen anything like it.

The big textile sale at G.U.M., Moscow's massive principal department store, was the flashiest display yet in the new Soviet campaign to bolster morale at home with consumer goods long denied by the bleak succession of five-year plans. G.U.M. has been thronged by 125,000 to 200,000 lookers and shoppers a day since it opened three months ago in a Red Square building that looks more like the Louvre than a department store.

Hit of the display, reported New York Timesman Harrison E. Salisbury, was an evening gown with a white satin bodice and floor-sweeping skirt of rainbow-hued pleats, which "brought a hush of silence over the shoppers." The hush was under-

standable, since the white satin of the bodice was priced at the equivalent of \$34 a yard, the crepe de Chine pastels of the skirt at \$27.50 (wage of average Russian: \$175 a month). At an opulent lilac negligee lined with white silk and with a white ruffled collar, said Salisbury, "an old peasant in a sheepskin cap and coat . . . stared as though his eyes would pop." There were heavy velvets at \$52.50 a yard, silk in flower patterns ("more heavily figured than would suit Western buyers") at about \$32, corduroys in solid colors and stripes at \$35. The quality, Salisbury added, seemed good.

The drive was not confined to G.U.M. Another big department store attracted thousands of women with a big poster displaying a pretty girl with deeply penciled eyebrows and rouged cheeks advertising: SPECIAL EXHIBITION AND SALE OF PERFUME AND COSMETICS. Inside, among glittering spangled signs and recessed exhibition niches, small jars of "orange cream for nourishing the skin" sold fast at 50¢; so did "Cream Metamorphic" for improving the complexion. There was "White Nights Face Cream" for 80¢, "Festival Face Powder" for \$1.95, perfumes called "Spirit of Red Moscow," "Fisherman's Fairy Tale" and "Fly Away." (One old favorite notably missing: "Svetlana's Breath," named in honor of Stalin's only daughter.) Some, like "Jubilee of the Red Army" (\$12), came in delicate glass flacons. A children's set containing tooth paste and powder, soap and toothbrush cost \$2.70 and sold well. Most expensive gift package: a "Golden Star" assortment of cosmetics, packed in a golden box with a red velvet lining. Price: \$42.25.

ITALY

Workers of the World, Give

Agricultural Castelfranco (pop. 20,000) is one of the Reddest districts in the Reddest province (Modena) of all Italy. It unflinchingly elects Communists to the major offices and contributes to the region's big Red plurality in national elections. But in Castelfranco recently, some 66 of the community's 1,500 registered party members turned in their party cards. Last week one of the defectors explained why.

"To be a Communist has become too much of a luxury," said ex-Comrade Angelo Bardi. "It isn't only the party dues [200 lire a month], it's all the contributing that comes afterwards. Every day someone from the party comes begging for contributions—for L'Unità, for the funeral of persecuted citizens of some country I don't know, for help for jailed comrades, for comrades who have just got out of jail, or for a gift for Comrade Secchia [Italy's No. 3 Communist]. They solicit contributions for Indo-Chinese comrades, for Chinese guerrillas, for bigger co-operatives, for a stronger Federation of Labor, for the rent for cell meetings, for striking French miners and all kinds of other causes. Last year I paid out 25,000 lire [\$40] in contributions. How can I possibly give so much when my annual

income is only 170,000 lire [\$272]? I just cannot permit myself such luxuries as belonging to the Communist Party. I have a wife and two children, and for six months of the year I cannot find work."

The party tried to talk Angelo out of his decision. "All kinds of people came to see me. They talked big words like ideological deviationism. They even tried to scare me. But I told them I didn't know anything about ideology and that I joined the party only because they said they would help poor people like me. When I saw that wasn't so, I quit."

SPAIN

The Flower of Spring

Dark clouds hung low on the rugged Cantabrian mountain peaks, and storm warnings were posted all along the Spanish coast. Out in the Atlantic, aboard his 32-foot trawler *Flower of Spring*, Fisherman Candido Solana Hoz listened to the radio while he scanned the seas with practiced eye. Of all the captains sailing out of the little Basque village of Santoña, Candido was the ablest. For 50 years he had followed the sea, and with his three husky sons Ricardo, Constantino and Manuel for a crew, he seldom failed to bring the *Flower* back with a fine catch. As the storm whipped the seas around him, however, Candido put aside all thoughts of the catch. "We will make for home," he told his sons.

All went well until they stood a mere mile from Santoña's lighthouse. Then the *Flower's* engine sputtered to a stop. The youngest son tinkered with the dead machinery. "Quick, Manuel, or we'll be caught," urged Candido. But the helpless craft was already broaching to the sea. As the other boys tried in vain to rig a sail, the waves were already crashing on the deck. Ashore, where the lighthouse keeper had spread the alarm, Santoña's fishermen tried to launch lifeboats, but the angry seas tossed them back like corks onto the jagged reefs. Behind them black-shawled women gathered on the beach to kneel and pray in the driving rain.

The helplessly drifting *Flower* was only a few hundred yards from the harbor when Candido called to his sons. "Try to swim it, boys. Leave me here. I'm all right." But before the boys could reply, he slipped and fell to the deck. Without a word, Ricardo, Constantino and Manuel went to work. They seized fishing nets bordered with cork buoys and tied them securely around their father. A moment later a huge wave broke over them. On shore, the praying watchers gave a cry, and the village priest made a sign of the Cross. Neither the *Flower* nor her three crewmen were seen again, but soon afterward a coast-guard cutter, steaming belatedly from Santander, spied a white head bobbing in the water. It was Candido, battered but still alive.

"My boys!" mourned Candido next day as he lay safe at home in his iron bed, surrounded by grandchildren. "My boys! They should have let me go down."

YUGOSLAVIA

Talk with Tito

The *koshava*, a snow-bearing wind reported to be from Russia, had blocked the road, but the army broke out an infantry company to shovel it clear so that Tito could attend the annual dinner of the foreign correspondents who work in Belgrade. There, the 62-year-old dictator, rejecting native *rakija* in favor of three Martinis, swapped opinions convivially until an unprecedented 1:15 a.m. He talked of Milovan Djilas, the vice president he had stripped of all offices for being soft on democracy. He loved the man, said Tito, but politically Djilas is through for good. Mr. Djilas is a talented



Alfred Eisenstaedt—LIFE
ITALY'S LOLLORIGIDA
After three Martinis.

writer, the dictator added thoughtfully—perhaps he can find work in the literary field.

Tito thought that relations with Russia since Stalin's death were very little better than before ("We want normal relations," he later explained, "but, naturally, there need not be friendly relations"). A correspondent wondered what Italian personality had made the greatest impression on him. Tito hemmed. Not necessarily a political personality, said the correspondent hastily. Oh, said Tito, in that case—Gina Lollorrigida. (Four years ago, before his marriage to a 28-year-old ex-partisan, Tito admitted to somewhat different cinema favorites: cowboys and Laurel & Hardy.)

Later, to a group of touring U.S. editors, Tito unburdened himself on one other matter. He was very much concerned, said Communist Tito, that the actions of Wisconsin's Senator Joseph McCarthy were undermining the U.S. Government's prestige abroad, and might spoil Europe's good opinion of the U.S. way of life.

KENYA

General China & Friends

At dawn, two white Kenya policemen climbed into a jeep and drove down the rutted trail that leads from Nyeri into the forest at the foot of Mt. Kenya. It was still dark among the camphor trees, but Policeman Ian Henderson knew that Mau Mau sentinels were watching, and he drove without headlights.

Deep in the forest, the jeep came to a halt and waited in darkness and silence. "The forest was full of eyes," said Henderson afterwards. "The pulse rate was not exactly normal," added Policeman Bernard Ruck. Presently there came a rustling, footsteps, then dark shapes. Two Mau Mau warriors loomed alongside. Henderson waved them aboard and the four drove out of the forest.

Waking in Nyeri's police stockade were half a dozen British Tommy gunners and one sad-faced black man wearing a turtle-neck pullover, sandals and khaki shorts. The black man was Waruhiu Itote, 32, alias General China, one of the Mau Mau's bloodthirstiest killers. Captured and sentenced to death, General China was paying for a commutation to life imprisonment by cooperating with the British (TIME, March 8). Huddling with the two Mau Mau warriors in the Nyeri stockade, China gave them a message to take back to their gangs: "The white elders and the elders of the forest must now meet to end the war."

Cast-Iron Secrecy. By using China, once the Mau Mau's No. 2 commander, to call on the guerrillas to surrender, the British were hoping to win with words what 6,000 regulars and 24,000 police had failed to win by war. In a letter written from his cell, China had suggested to the authorities that Mau Mau morale is waning, that many of its "generals" could be persuaded to lay down their arms. A squad of British officers grilled the condemned man for 68 hours and concluded that he was probably speaking the truth. In cast-iron secrecy (Kenya Governor Sir Evelyn Baring did not even tell his superiors in Whitehall), the death sentence was commuted, and China smuggled out of jail. The ball and chain were removed from his leg, the ball was placed in a metal money box which was handcuffed to China's wrist, and, disguised as a policeman, he was flown to Nyeri to communicate with the Mau Mau gangs.

By last week China had written 26 "surrender" letters to Mau Mau chiefs, including "General Cargo," who operates north of Nairobi, and scar-faced Dedan Kimathi, alias Field Marshal Russia. The letters were delivered by armored cars to jungle letter boxes in hollow trees and to Mau Mau couriers waiting in forest clearings. China's plea: "Further violence will only bring greater suffering. Those who fight on now are criminal fanatics."

Wildcat in the Bag. Black and white reaction was mixed. Governor Baring himself gives the plan, at best, a 50-50

chance; Kenya's white settlers, some of whom believe that the best way to fight the Mau Mau is to "hang the Kikuyu tribe in batches of 25," condemn it as "immoral" and "appeasement."

Many guerrilla chieftains seemed suspicious of the British offer. "We fear there is a wildcat in the bag," said one whom China interviewed. But at week's end, ten favorable replies had been received, and there were two important surrenders: "General Tanganyika," China's former second in command, and "General Katanga." Field Marshal Russia also replied—but in a taunting letter sent not to General China but to British District Officer John Candler. "Soon you die," the note said. Shortly afterwards, Candler drove into the forest and ran smack into Russia's ambush. His body was buried this week in Nairobi's cemetery, but without a head. Kimathi's men kept that as a trophy of the battle.

CHINA

Still Missing

Red China's rubric event of the week: a massive "memorial ceremony" in Peking on the first anniversary of Joseph Stalin's death. Notably missing from the ranks of the bigwigs: China's Dictator Mao Tse-tung, 60, who has not been seen in public this year.

Tigers Borrowing Pigs

The Communist masters of China are having trouble with the peasants. Those who must farm the land to feed the world's most populous country do not seem to have got the idea at all. In fact, most of them suffer from "spontaneous tendencies toward capitalism." Others, unable to see the logic of increasing output or wealth only to have to give it up to government confiscators, are now afflicted, say the propagandists, with the delusion that poverty is best.

Private party reports, filtered out through Hong Kong last week, told in the Communists' own unintentionally candid words how things have been going wrong: "The production sentiment of the peasants . . . lacks stability, and their understanding of the new production relations . . . is still obscure."

As a prelude to their vaunted classless society, the Peking Reds have tried to put peasants into a set of strict classes: *landlords*, who own land but do not work it; *rich peasants*, who own land or rent it from landlords, but work it themselves and hire others to help them; *middle peasants*, who may own or rent as much land as the rich peasants, but work it entirely themselves; *poor peasants*, who may own land, but do not own the tools or animals to work it; *hired peasants*, who own nothing, work for others.

Land, houses and properties were taken from the upper classes, divided and parceled out to the lower. Then came the "mutual aid teams." In 1952 the reports showed that the party's cooperatives and aid program in Manchuria actually

knocked production down. In 1953 the party shifted its ground, told Communist cadres to tone down "socialist education" and put production before all else. Result: production no better than 1952. The Chinese Nationalists on Formosa count the peasants' discontent among their greatest propaganda assets, are trying to nourish it with leaflets dropped from planes which cross to the mainland almost nightly (see cut).

Why Bother? In five years, according to the best figures available in Hong Kong, the Reds have succeeded in setting up only 14,000 cooperatives out of a targeted 800,000 for all China. Some of the reasons for the great lag, as told by a team of Communist inspectors reporting

sold his ox and bought a calf, to prevent others from borrowing it. This resulted in a shortage of oxen."

Other items:

¶ The "worries of the middle and rich peasants will inevitably deter the poor and hired peasants from developing production, for fear of a promotion in class."

¶ Too many peasants have a notion that when "socialism" comes, the government will keep everybody fed and housed. "The older peasants have no belief in socialism. They say: 'You may wait till your bones can be used to beat a drum without seeing the arrival of socialism.' When erecting a privy, Middle Peasant Kan Ting-chung did not give it a stone foundation because he was under the im-



NATIONAL CHINESE LEAFLET: "MAINLAND PEOPLE RESIST 'CONTRIBUTIONS'"
The staircase was leveled by the footsteps of visitors.

to their bosses from a small area in South China:

The middle and rich peasants are afraid to expose their wealth, fearing that somebody may come along to borrow from them without returning the loans—"like tigers borrowing pigs." The report quoted Middle Peasant Ho Yao-hsiang: "Why bother to make production such a success? It will be sufficient if you grow enough to keep yourself fed. Once you make a success of your production, your staircase will be leveled by the footsteps of visitors." Others were afraid of being accused of exploitation. "Because Poor Peasant Kan Yao-ching once lent grain to Kan Yung-lin, the masses wanted to promote him as a landlord during the re-investigation. He said: 'I really dare not lend out grain again.'"

Some poor peasants, say the Communists, seize on socialism (the Communists' word for Communism) to take advantage of others. Sample: "Middle Peasant Kan Fu-chun rented his ox to Liao Fu-han, who refused to pay any rent for the service. Because of this, Kan Fu-chun

pressed that 'socialism is fast approaching and all these mud houses will be discarded.'"

¶ "The middle peasants of Lungkang were made to give up more land than they ought to. As a result, they constantly talked funny things and took an opposing stand against the peasants' association and the cadres. This made the cadres so depressed that they became inactive and wanted to resign."

Lungkang is one of the better villages, concluded the report glumly, therefore "we can come to the conclusion that the conditions of the other villages are even more serious."

INDIA

Progress Report

From India's census takers last week came a progress report: the average Indian's life expectancy has gone up by five years since 1941, by ten years since 1931. Present life expectancy: about 32½ years for men (v. 66 for U.S. men), a little under 32 for women (v. 71½ for U.S. women).

THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

Keeping Communists Out

Few delegates to the Tenth Inter-American Conference in Caracas last week doubted that Secretary of State John Foster Dulles could put through the U.S. program against Communism in the Americas. But in pressing his cause, Dulles ran smack into the age-old Latin American feeling against the Colossus of the North. Though the Latin statesmen for the most part could see the intellectual force of Dulles' arguments, the fact was that deep in their hearts many of them resented such forceful U.S. leadership. Emotionally, they were prepared to cheer any David brash enough to give Goliath a symbolic kick in the pants.

In his opening address at Caracas, Dulles with cool logic coupled his case for joint anti-Communist measures ("There is not a single country in this hemisphere which has not been penetrated by the apparatus of international Communism operating under orders from Moscow") with the prospect of U.S. economic co-operation (more technical aid, continued Export-Import Bank loans, no price ceilings on coffee). The Secretary made no reference to Guatemala, the one country where Communists are gaining steadily in influence.

Appeal to Bolívar. Guatemala's Foreign Minister Guillermo Toriello, showing no such restraint, delivered a fiery counterattack, directly naming the U.S., and made the biggest oratorical hit of the week with conference delegates. Rhetorically demanding: "What is international Communism?" he lashed out at "imperialism" and "foreign monopolies," then called the U.S. program "only a pretext to intervene in our internal affairs." Toriello went on to recall "the Big Stick, the tarnished 'dollar diplomacy' and the landing of the U.S. Marines in Latin American ports" that marked U.S.-Latin American relations in the old days before non-intervention became the U.S. doctrine. Having played his role of underdog to the hilt, Toriello wound up with a grandiloquent appeal to the Liberator Bolívar (who lies buried in Caracas) and won the conference's first ovation. Argentina's Foreign Minister rushed up to wring his hand. Said another South American delegate: "He said many of the things some of the rest of us would like to say if we dared."

Recourse to Rio. This week, with tension eased by a long weekend adjournment after Toriello's blast, the U.S. put forward its anti-Communist resolution. The resolution provided that the republics agree that "domination or control of the political institutions of any American state by the international Communist movement . . . would constitute a threat . . . and call for appropriate action in accordance with existing treaties." Under the 1947 Rio treaty, the American For-



Associated Press

FOREIGN MINISTER TORIELLO
A foolish question.

eign Ministers may meet and take action if two-thirds of the members of the Organization of American States decide that the political independence of an American state is affected by "an aggression which is not an armed attack." This action could be anything from a reprimand to economic sanctions to the kind of put-out-the-fire measures that the United Nations took in Korea. But it would have to be a joint action, not a unilateral move by any country.

Secretary Dulles put his case to the delegates in a hard-punching rebuttal to



Roberto Marla—Imparcial

PRESIDENT ARBENZ
A "so what?" answer.

Toriello, "I thought that by now every Foreign Minister of the world knew what international Communism is," he said. "It is disturbing if the foreign affairs of one of our American republics are conducted by one so innocent that he has to ask that question." Then Dulles defined international Communism in blistering terms as "that far-flung, clandestine political organization which is operated by the leaders of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union and which, since 1930, has brought 15 once-independent nations into a state of abject servitude."

Most of the Latin countries want U.S. economic cooperation and are reluctant to antagonize the U.S. on its No. 1 issue. The resolution seemed sure to pass whenever the U.S. felt that it could apply enough pressure without bruising traditional friendships. And even the pressure was more implied than apparent. As one delegate said: "You don't always see the sun, but you know it is there."

GUATEMALA

The Indispensable Reds

If Guatemala's anemic anti-Communist opposition still nursed the faint hope that President Jacobo Arbenz might become fed up with his Red allies and disavow them, that hope was blacked out last week by the most forthright pro-Communist declaration the President has ever uttered. In a 2½ hour report to Congress on the state of the nation, Arbenz called the Communists "progressive democratic forces" and "the very wellspring of our regime." He said that to turn against the Reds and repress them, as "certain landowner groups and agents of foreign monopolies" have urged, "would be . . . suicide for Guatemala's democratic revolutionary movement."

As fruits of the Communists' fertilizing friendship, Arbenz cited his program of agrarian reform, "progress in reducing our dependence on foreign companies," happily shrinking foreign investments, a new "freedom in international policy" and "to top it all," the formation of a Communist Party, organized since his inaugural three years ago. Standing shoulder to shoulder with his Marxist comrades, the President then said what they presumably wanted him to say about the conference in Caracas. "It is entirely up to Guatemala to decide what form of democracy she must have . . . The real issue at the Inter-American Conference should be the common Latin American problem of economic betterment, so that we will not continue to be the objects of monopolistic investment and the sources of raw materials, selling cheap and buying dear from one of the countries of the American community."

The bluntness of Arbenz' speech left Guatemala's opposition press in a state of mild shock. *Impacto* commented that in a nutshell the President's speech amounted to: "Yes, gentlemen, organized Communism does exist in Guatemala! So what?"



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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Two old grads of Georgetown University, Republican National Chairman **Leonard Hall** ('20) and Democratic National Chairman **Stephen A. Mitchell** ('28), agreed to meet this week at their alma mater and debate a subject dear to both their hearts: Is it wiser to be a Democrat or a Republican?

Durable Cinematress **Joan Crawford** hopped off a train in Manhattan, allowed that the weather was colder than it was in home town San Antonio, where she had dropped off for a visit, then rushed away to have "a little fun in New York."

A Civil Aeronautics Board examiner lifted the private-pilot's license of Radio-TV's **Arthur Godfrey** for six months. The examiner found that Godfrey, flying "in a careless and reckless manner," deliberately buzzed the defenseless control tower at New Jersey's Teterboro Airport last January.

After seeing a picture of **Benjamin Fairless**, 63, U.S. Steel's president, in a company publication, the Federation of Women Shareholders in American Business advised him that he is getting too fat, suggested that he pass up dinner-table dividends and get a proxy to bolt food for him at six-course banquets.

In Australia the **Duke of Edinburgh** became the butt of some friendly hazing when he dropped in for a look at Melbourne University. As he stepped from his car, an honor guard of students, bearing mops and dressed as Eastern potentates, rolled out a moth-eaten carpet for him.



JOAN CRAWFORD
A little fun in the offing.

United Press



EMPEROR HAILE SELASSIE & QUEEN WOIZERO MENEN
A safari in prospect.

United Press

Another delegation pounced upon Philip and presented him with a cricket bat and a pair of crutches. Later the Duke and **Queen Elizabeth II**, both inoculated as a precaution with some of the first Australian-produced gamma globulin, went by train to northern Victoria, where a polio outbreak has cropped up.

Robert Moses, the man who has long presided over the planning of New York City's parks, playgrounds and highways, was upped by Governor **Thomas E. Dewey** to the chairmanship of New York's State Power Authority, a job which will put Moses on top of such projects as the \$300 million St. Lawrence River hydroelectric development.

In England, the city fathers of Manchester fussed and fumed over whether to pay Sculptor **Henry Moore** a generous £760 for a lumpy chunk of bronze called *Draped Torso*, which looked like a vandalized nightgown. Murmured one alderman: "I wish it were a statue of **Marilyn Monroe**." Sneered a Moore supporter: "This is a work of art." An anti-Moore man retorted: "Is the councilor insinuating that Marilyn Monroe is not a work of art?" Moore's *Torso* lost the vote, 46 to 48.

Haile ("King of Kings") **Selassie**, Emperor of Ethiopia, and his wife, **Queen Woizero Menen**, struck dignified poses for a formal portrait photograph, ably concealing their anticipation about their forthcoming safari into the darkest wilds of Europe and the U.S.

One of Hitler's most agile hatchetmen, former SS Colonel **Otto Skorzeny**, who had whiled away many postwar years in Madrid as the constant companion of **Ilse Luegtte**, decided to go respectable. Strapping, scar-faced Otto took Ilse, a niece of

former Nazi Finance Minister **Hjalmar Schacht**, to a sleepy Castilian village and married her in a civil ceremony. Madrid's sizable German colony cheered, but good, churchgoing Madrileños prepared to ignore the newweds.

In Kansas City, Mo., a self-employed citizen who listed his occupations as "writer, lecturer and farmer" got a Social Security card at the age of 69. The new card holder: **Harry S. Truman**. Later, Truman headed east and turned up in Boston, where he held a press conference and assured reporters: "There aren't an eyeful of Communists in the whole country—and I'm not afraid of them."

The Korean war's most famed P.W., Major General **William F. Dean**, who has been interested in eye banks ever since last fall, when he had a cataract removed, decided to will his eyes to the Stanford University Hospital for eventual transplanting of their corneas to a blind person.

After a revival meeting in Little Rock, Ark., Dr. **Mordecai Fowler Ham**, 76, who claims to have made Baptists of some 2,000,000 people (his star convert: Evangelist **Billy Graham**), exposed a reporter to some old-fashioned hellfire and brimstone. "I like to tell people that just an outward appearance of being a Christian isn't enough," roared Dr. Ham fiercely. "You can't just quit drinking and think you're saved. You'll just go to hell sober that's all."

Australia's Prime Minister **Robert G. Menzies**, who will run with his fellow Tories for re-election in May, got advance notice that the going may be rough. No sooner was Canberra's House of Parliament opened to visitors than an oil portrait of Menzies turned up with its throat slashed, shoulder to shoulder.

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THE PRESS

The Unnecessary Strike

When 400 members of the Photo-Engravers' Union refused to submit their dispute with Manhattan newspaper publishers to arbitration four months ago, the engravers went on strike and 20,000 other newspaper employees refused to cross their picket lines. The eleven-day strike shut down Manhattan's dailies, cost the papers a total of more than \$10 million in revenue and the employees more than \$2,000,000 in wages. The engravers, among the highest-paid newspaper employees, finally agreed to go back to work and submit their differences (a \$7.50 weekly wage increase v. \$3.75 offered by the publishers) to a three-man fact-finding committee. Last week the fact finders announced their verdict (with the union member dissenting): a \$3.75 weekly package increase, i.e., just what the publishers originally offered before the strike took place. This week the engravers accepted the "distasteful bitter pill" by a vote of 209 to 76.

The Quick & the Quick

After Publisher Gardner ("Mike") Cowles folded pocket-size *Quick* last year, he quickly found a buyer for the magazine. The Philadelphia *Inquirer's* Publisher Walter Annenberg bought the title from Cowles for a reported \$250,000, put out his own biweekly *Quick* in a larger format (TIME, July 20). Annenberg, who also publishes *Seventeen*, *Daily Racing Form* and *Morning Telegraph*, hoped to succeed where Mike Cowles failed by using his *Inquirer* gravure presses, selling no subscriptions or ads and sticking to newsstand sales. He estimated he could break even with 1,000,000 circulation. Last week Annenberg admitted defeat. After experimenting for nine months with the reborn *Quick* without ever putting out a good magazine, he folded it. *Quick* did not sell enough newsstand copies to make money, and the cost of getting ads and mail subscribers was too high.

No. 1 Name Dropper

Among U.S. newspaper columnists, Leonard Lyons, 47, is the No. 1 name-dropper. Columnist Lyons bears his title proudly, and his chatter about celebrities in his column, "The Lyons Den," syndicated to 74 dailies, earns him \$65,000 a year. This week Columnist Lyons explained why name-dropping makes a successful column. "Would you [like me to] tell you about a dinner party for my Uncle Max? . . . Nah, you really don't want to hear about that . . . The basic fact of newspaper life is that if any Uncle Max—unless it's Beerbohm, Beaverbrook or Factor—breaks a leg, it never makes the news columns . . . The appetites of newspaper readers are for the Kings and Stars and Villains and Dog-Biters."

Leonard Lyons, who is as sharp-eyed and lively as a sandpiper, flits in and out of restaurants and nightclubs picking up

tidbits on kings, stars, villains and dog-biters. His office files bulge with more than 20,000 of their names from A (Frigd Allen, Konrad Adenauer, Dean Acheson) to Z (Darryl Zanuck, Vera Zorina, Babe Didrikson Zaharias). The names are his cast of characters in anecdotes which are interrupted only by items of news and occasionally "the kind of gossip that doesn't hurt anyone." A typical Lyons anecdote: "I owed the Trumans a dinner, for they had been our hosts on that memorable last night in the White House . . . During the cab ride [to a restaurant], I suggested a private screening of . . . *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. He shook his head, glanced



Tommy Weber
COLUMNIST LYONS & WIFE

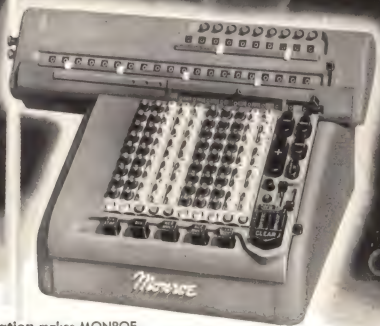
From A for Acheson to Z for Zanuck.

at Mrs. Truman's new hairdo, and said 'Real gentlemen prefer grey hair.'"

The Exhilarating Rounds. Celebrities like to be in Lyons' column as much as he likes to put them there (except for Walter Winchell, with whom he has bitterly feuded in the past few years). He reaches for friendship, shows most people he writes about in a favorable light, and often makes them more amusing than they are. At one time, he was helped in this by his quick-witted, attractive wife Sylvia. Those who appeared in "The Lyons Den" didn't mind if Sylvia's quips were sometimes put in their mouths. Lyons occasionally blunts—or loses completely the point of a story. But most people don't seem to mind, since few people whose stories he tells ever get hurt.

He starts his day about 1 p.m., when his secretary awakens him by phone. ("There's mail today from H. M. Wingway, Randolph Churchill, Admiral Carney and Christine Jorgensen.") On his way to the office, he makes his first regular stops at such restaurants as Toots Shor's, Lindy's, the Algonquin and Sardi's, moving from

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In any event, our dishwasher costs only a few cents more a day than your self-powered dishpan. What's more, only in *this* dishwasher are china, glass, silver, and pans double-washed, double-rinsed, and dried electrically. So clean they sparkle!

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table to table, greeting friends and picking up items. Trim (5 ft. 8½ in., 154 lbs.) Columnist Lyons, who never drinks and rarely eats on his rounds, is at his office at the New York Post by around 3, writes his column, dictates 15 to 20 letters a day, checks stories and telephones "people who don't go out nights." He is home every night for dinner at 6:30, often followed by a rough & tumble indoor basketball game with his four sons (ages 6 to 16). Evenings, when he is not at a Broadway opening or entertaining friends at dinner, he stays home until 10:30 or 11, then starts his rounds again, with Sardi's, the Stork Club, El Morocco and ten or 15 other regular stops on his beat. At 4 he goes home, phones in late corrections and additions for his column, greets the early-rising members of his family just before he turns in at 6:30, still "exhilarated," from his night.

His comfortable seven-room apartment overlooking Manhattan's Central Park is as marked by celebrities as is his column. There is everything from Adolf Hitler's personal telephone to a copper-covered coffee table (a gift from Sports Announcer Ted Husing) that still bears "heel marks from the time that Ray Bolger danced on it at one of our dinner parties, while Leonard Bernstein accompanied him on our piano." At another dinner party several years ago, Lyons' eldest son George was introduced to Writers Robert E. Sherwood, John Steinbeck, Russel Crouse, Gene Fowler and Howard Lindsay. Said George: "Maybe those men do write better than you, Pop, but you—you write more."

Six Months in Jail. No one is more wide-eyed about the celebrities he knows than Lyons himself. Says he: "Sylvia and I both came from East Side families, and look at us now." Lyons was born the son of a poor New York vestmaker, went to night school to study law and accounting. During his five years as a lawyer, he started a weekly column in his spare time for the English language section of the *Jewish Daily Forward*. ("In my home, *Forward* was like the *New York Times*.") He began sending in items to every columnist in town, finally talked the *New York Post* into hiring him as a columnist for \$50 a week. Three months later the paper raised him \$10, and he married his high-school girl friend, Sylvia, who rarely accompanies him on his rounds, but keeps him in line with such advice as: "Don't confuse tongue in cheek with foot in mouth."

Many of his friends cannot understand the pleasure Columnist Lyons gets from a life of moving from table to table at 15 or 20 restaurants and nightclubs a day, talking to celebrities who are often interested only in talking about themselves. Once at a party, a group of such friends, including Dorothy Parker and Harpo Marx, took a poll on whether they would rather have Lyons' job for six months or spend the same time in jail. Unanimously, they picked six months in jail. Not Sylvia and Leonard Lyons. Say they: "How could any life be better and more interesting than ours?"

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Young Scots farmer takes time out to help visiting tourists in search of a trout stream.

How to make friends in Britain

IN A RECENT survey, American visitors were asked what they liked best about their trip to Britain. "Our contacts with the British people" was the reply given most frequently.

So you'd better forget all you've been brought up to believe about the British being stand-offish. It's unadulterated bunkum.

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See your Travel Agent for further information and free literature, or write the British Travel Association, Box 2P, 336 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York.

SPORT

Brooklyn Billygoat

The bandy-legged, broken-nosed little boxer on the scales was Pasquale Giuseppe DeMarco, weighing in for his crack at Jimmy Carter's lightweight championship of the world. Standing beside him, New York Boxing Commissioner Robert Christenberry nudged the weights into position, squinted at the figures and absent-mindedly identified "Paddy" DeMarco as another fellow, a boxer who had been beaten to the canvas just the week before. "Willie Pep," intoned Christenberry, "135 lbs."

Fighter DeMarco curtly corrected him. "You mean Joe Louis," he said.

The smart-money boys only snickered. When Paddy climbed into the Madison Square Garden ring with Carter last week they were betting 4 to 1 that he was still a billygoat from Brooklyn, a clumsy, light-punching brawler who had won a couple of big fights by butting, bunny-hugging and hitting on the breaks. Champion Carter, a Negro from The Bronx, was an old pro, too good, and too smart to be taken when his title was on the line.

Right from the start, Paddy upset the dope. Though he could hardly fight like Joe Louis, he seemed determined not to fight like DeMarco. Bouncing all over the ring, he threw sharp jabs and long, looping rights. Flat-footed and casual, Jimmy Carter protected himself, boxed back occasionally and waited for Paddy to tire.

In the sixth round, with no sign of Paddy tiring, Champion Carter got up on his toes and carried the fight to his challenger. He got a cut over his right eye for his trouble. Paddy was still fresh, cocky enough to move in and show his old Pier Six ability at roughhouse infighting. Once or twice, he admitted after the fight, he felt so good that he was tempted to charge in head down and

"fight like a jerk." But he kept control. Only once did the referee have to warn him about butting.

In the end, it was the old pro who tired. His title already lost on points, Carter waded in, shrugged off DeMarco's punches and tried doggedly for a knockout. All he could do was salvage a couple of rounds. The Brooklyn billygoat put on an impromptu acrobatic act for photographers when the announcer named him the new lightweight champion of the world.

"You Never Get Old"

Steep and unforgiving, the ski track lay like a white scar along the face of Sweden's Areskutan Mountain. Half a dozen of the world's best skiers had already tumbled into bone-bruising falls as they swooped down the dangerous drop, going all-out for the downhill championship of the world. Norway's Stein Eriksen might well have taken it easy. Far ahead on points after winning the slalom and giant slalom, the Oslo ski salesman could have coasted home to a safe, slow finish. Still a sure bet for the championship of championships, the Alpine Combination. But Stein, as usual, drove all the way: even a spill could not keep him from finishing fast, only 5.1 seconds behind the downhill winner, Austria's Christian Pravda.

Eriksen's spectacular performance at Are last week had critics and admirers applauding such things as his timing, temperament and will power. Stein himself credits his training, which includes a stiff course of acrobatics. Good skis count too, he admits, and he races on skis of his own design. About four inches longer than normal, the waxed boards are scored with 16 small grooves to keep them steadier than the traditional single-grooved runners.

Looking back on the field that trailed him to most of the finish lines at Are, Eriksen picked the young (16) French



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Associated Press

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prodigy François Bonlieu (who finished second in the giant slalom) as his chief rival for the 1956 Olympics. But the 26-year-old Norwegian speedster expects to be schussing home a champion for years to come. "You never get old when you ski," says he. "Skiing is for me the extreme expression of *joie de vivre*."

Twelve-Hour Test

"I waved him by just before we hit the curve, and the next thing I knew—vrrrooom—and he was long gone. He beat me to the next curve by 100 yds."

That was the tribute of Briggs Cunningham, No. 1 man in U.S. sports-car racing, to the Italian Lancias last week, after a practice spin against them in his Chrysler-engined Cunningham Special.

Cunningham was not as resigned as he sounded. On the eve of the International Twelve-Hour Endurance race at Sebring,



DRIVER CUNNINGHAM
"Vrrrooom."

Fla., everybody acknowledged the overall speed of the Lancias, their tremendous acceleration, their cat-quick cornering ability. Last fall they swept from one end of Mexico to the other to finish 1-2-3 in the Mexican road race, with an average speed of 105.1 m.p.h. for the winning Lancia. What was in question was the Lancias' ability to survive a twelve-hour endurance test, without a chance for major repairs, over a 5.2-mile course, with tantalizingly brief straight-aways and curves up to 135°.

In the field of 58 starters, the Lancias got off fast. Three of them, driven by three of the greatest names in racing—Italy's Alberto Ascari, Argentina's Juan Manuel Fangio and Italy's Piero Taruffi—were leading 1-2-3 after two hours. The fourth Lancia, driven by Dominican Playboy Porfirio Rubirosa, was well back in the pack. The Cunningham Special, driven by Briggs himself, was fifth.

But Sebring's zigzag course had already taken a breakdown toll of cars—among

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the way you write
... by number



them two British Aston-Martins and a Cadillac-Allard—and soon flagged down more. Fangio's Lancia went out with what the Lancia pits called ignition trouble (the word went round that it had really suffered a broken gearbox or a snapped rear axle). Midway, Taruffi's Lancia (No. 38) held the lead, but Ascari's Lancia was out with clutch trouble.

As the field roared into the last hour, only 28 cars were left. A Cunningham-owned Ferrari was out with a bad oil line; Cunningham's Cunningham drove up for a pit stop, and when water was poured into the radiator, it came out the exhaust pipe: the engine had blown a gasket. Cunningham looked at the steaming water from the exhaust and walked away, laughing. ("What else can you do but laugh when that happens?")

It looked as though it was the Lancias' day, after all. Taruffi's No. 38 was well



DRIVERS LLOYD & MOSS
No. 38 SICK.

out in front, nine full laps (46 miles) ahead of the next car. In second place, but hopelessly behind, was Briggs Cunningham's third entry, a little (1.45 cc.) Italian Osca alternately driven during the day by Britain's Stirling Moss and Connecticut's Bill Lloyd. But with only an hour to go, Taruffi's Lancia ground to a halt. In the Cunningham pits, where the Osca driver could see it when he flashed by, they held up a sign: "NO. 38 SICK."

And No. 38 was sick. There was still a chance that Taruffi's mechanics could get it started again. Striving to remain eligible, Taruffi himself pushed the car an agonizing 1½ miles to the pits. But it was no use; the Lancia never got started. Cunningham's Osca, brakes and clutch almost gone, held on to take first. It had covered 88.4 miles in twelve hours, at an average speed of 73.6 m.p.h. Porfirio Rubirosa's Lancia, its gearbox all but wrecked, finished second. Said Winning Driver Bill Lloyd: "Nothing surprises me in an endurance race."



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RADIO & TELEVISION

Jack, Be Nimble!

(See Cover)

The stucco and chicken-wire cliffs of Hollywood success are alluring from afar, but the pilgrims who cling to the steeply and then treacherously, lonely and slippery as glass. A fearful few on the higher ledges kick savagely at those who struggle near; the weary majority simply hang on, motionless as skewered lepidoptera. Climbers tumble off daily into a shadowed limbo below, to live out grey lives without Cadillacs, swimming pools or cell space in the brain of Louella O. Parsons. But television's Jack Randolph Webb, 33, has never faltered or looked down; he has gone up, up, up, limber as an Indian brave.

Hollywood has seldom seen such a climber. Only eight years ago, Jack Webb was an unknown news announcer in a San Francisco radio station. Only six years ago he was a "starving" motion picture bit-player. But even then, he was seeking compulsively for handholds, eyes fixed unblinkingly on the heights. No ledge was too narrow, no *coulour* too deep to halt him. The traveling companions who could not keep up he left behind. Some grabbed for his ankles or coattails. He shook them off. He bounded up to fame almost overnight as Sergeant Joe Friday, the quiet, dark-haired, jug-eared hero of *Dragnet* (NBC, Thurs. 9 p.m. E.S.T.). He still climbs feverishly on.

Last month, Webb moved his old gun collection, his \$135 sports jackets, his portable typewriter and Dudley, his bassett hound, into a \$100,000 ultramodern two-bar house, high in Beverly Hills' celebrity-studded Coldwater Canyon. Last week he had the house up for sale. In his intense and single-minded haste to go on conquering Hollywood, he has not even found time to use his swimming pool. "Jack," says Stanley Meyer, the protocol-conscious business manager of Webb's Mark VII Productions, "would live in one room with a cot and a movie projector, if you'd let him."

Passion for Work. Webb covets money, but except for Cadillacs (he is on his fifth, a cream-colored convertible with blue upholstery) he gets little personal pleasure from it. He is a warm, sympathetic and basically modest man. He fervently admires talent in others. But fellow toilers who do not share his perfectionism and his passion for work fill him with injured bewilderment and anger; he reacts to any threat against complete artistic control of his work with the ferocity of a Boer trekker defending his oxen against the howling black.

Unlike his creature, Sergeant Friday, Webb can roar with laughter and talk with vast intensity and enthusiasm. He attracts all sorts of people. But he has few friends, almost no social life and is seldom seen in Hollywood nightspots. Nothing but an ailing script can keep him

from sleeping nine hours a night, and he is hard at work every morning at 8 o'clock. In his spare time he stares at motion pictures, often "stopping them and backing them up" to engage in rapid inspection of every last optical effect and lap dissolve. In five years, he has read only one book (*The Caine Mutiny*), but few films, good, bad or indifferent, have escaped his coldly appraising eye.

Who's Holmes? In the 116 weeks since the first 26-minute 25-second *Dragnet* film (*The Human Bomb*) was flashed on the nation's television screens, Jack Webb has made Joe Friday one of the most famous fictional detectives of all time. Sherlock Holmes himself never captured the instantaneous interest of so many millions of people, and in comparison, such latter-day sleuths as Philo

has cast over the U.S. people, both young and old. There is hardly a child above the age of four who does not know and constantly voice the brassy notes (*dum du dum dum*) of *Dragnet's* theme music. Phonograph records (*St. George & the Dragonet*, *Little Blue Riding Hood*, *Christmas Dragnet*) which parody *Dragnet's* terse, low-keyed dialogue have sold 1,326,000 copies, and Sergeant Friday's calm "All we want are the facts, ma'am" has become a conversation staple. But millions who laugh at *Dragnet* jokes are spirited back weekly into a mood of serious intentness by the program itself.

The flood of *Dragnet* fan mail suggests that the U.S. completely forgets that it is a nation of incipient cop haters when its eyes are glued on Webb's show; that it has gained a new appreciation of the underpaid, long-suffering ordinary policeman, and in many cases its first rudimentary understanding of real-life law en-



SERGEANT SMITH, SERGEANT FRIDAY & INFORMER
"All we want are the facts, ma'am."

Vance and Sam Spade are only shadowy figures in the public mind. *Dragnet's* most recent Nielsen rating (60.6) indicates that 16,332,000 of the more than 27 million U.S. television set owners are tuned to NBC every Thursday night by the time Webb speaks his terse introductory line: "My name's Friday."

Of all U.S. television shows, only *I Love Lucy* can challenge *Dragnet's* popularity. Last week, as they have for months, the two programs were in a seesaw battle in which first one, then the other, was temporarily ahead. Old *Dragnet* shows, which are rerun as *Badge 714* on 126 television stations, pull more viewers (their ARB ratings run from a low of 8 in San Diego to a high of 54.6 in Norfolk, Va.) than many a first-run show, and *Dragnet* is still a radio attraction on Tuesday night.

The show's top rating, however, is an inadequate gauge of the spell which Webb

forcement. As Sergeant Friday—a decent, harassed, hard-working fellow—Jack Webb is such a convincingly realistic detective that many a cop has written in to ask if he is not a genuine member of the Los Angeles Police Department.

Slice of Life. *Dragnet's* realism is simply a byproduct of Webb's lust to entertain. As director, story editor, casting chief and star of the show, he purposely refrains from dramatic artifice, and thus achieves a different kind of dramatic effect. Seldom has the slice-of-life technique of storytelling been so successfully transmitted to film. *Dragnet* is not a whodunit at all, and both murder and the sound of gunfire are rare on its shows. Webb sometimes produces truly frightening effects (as in *The Big Jump*, a film in which he struggles with a madman on a high building ledge), but in the most low-keyed of his stories he still lures the viewer by making

On the Pacific Coast: 9 p.m. P.S.T.

FACES FROM DRAGNET

DRAMATIC use of closeups, such as those shown on these pages, has been a *Dragnet* trademark since *The Human Bomb* (lower right-hand corner), its first TV show. This realistic array of faces, ranging from the little boy who stole the statue of Christ (second from right, second row) to the maudlin old drunk (second from right, bottom row), reflects the program's grim, compassionate cop's-eye view of a world where evil is commonplace and its detection is a matter of patient, workaday, professional routine.



"SHE WAS A BUM. SOME OF 'EM MUST BE BORN THAT WAY."



"THE LINE'S STILL BUSY. WISH SHE'D GET OFF THAT PHONE."



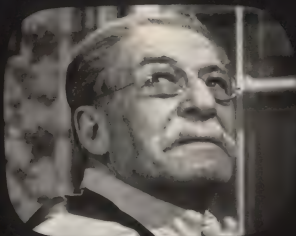
"WHY, JOE? WHY DID HE HAVE TO DIE?"



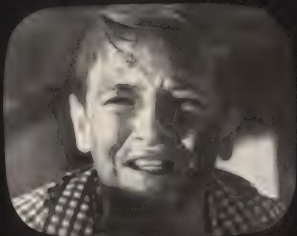
"IT'S CALLED PINCH PIE. IT'S A KIND OF MERINGUE TART."



"I LOVED HER. AGE DIDN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE. A FEW YEARS ... WHAT'S THAT?"



"I COULDN'T HAVE KILLED GERTRUDE, IN
YOUR OWN HEART YOU KNEW THAT, DIDN'T YOU?"



"DON'T KILL MY WHITE RATS. THEY WON'T
HURT YOU."



"VENDRA EL DIABLO PARA LLEVAR A PAQUITO?"
("WILL THE DEVIL COME TO TAKE PAQUITO AWAY?")



"LORD KNOWS I'VE TRIED TO BE A GOOD
MOTHER."



"GLASS OF PORT BEFORE MEALS . . . THAT'S
ALL I EVER TAKE"



"I'M GONNA BLOW UP THE CITY HALL."

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Chicago 39, Illinois

the television screen a sort of peephole into a grim new world.

The bums, priests, con men, whining housewives, burglars, waitresses, children and bewildered ordinary citizens who people *Dragnet* seem as sorrowfully genuine as old pistols in a hockshop window. By using them to dramatize real cases from the Los Angeles police files—and by viewing them with a compassion totally absent in most fictional tales of private eyes—Webb has been able to utilize many a difficult theme (dope addiction, sex perversion) with scarcely a murmur of protest from his huge public.

He has not found it easy to cash in on this vast and uncritical acceptance, NBC, which he now hates as the captive Grecian maiden hated the mustachioed Turk, refuses to pay more than a niggling \$28,000 a program, although the network extracts a total of \$3,000,000 annually from the show's sponsors (biggest contributor: Chesterfield). A few months ago, however, Webb finally found a way out of this financial dilemma; to the Music Corp. of America last year he sold the rights to 100 completed *Dragnets* and to 95 more which will be filmed in the future. The price: approximately \$5,000,000. Webb gets half.

Poverty & Slime. Jack Webb's present fame and financial independence are in triumphant contrast to a boyhood which he likes to say was spent in "poverty and slime." His mother, Idaho-born Mrs. Maggie Smith Webb, was divorced shortly after he was born. She took the baby and her mother to California—first to San Francisco, and then, as her money dwindled, to a shabby apartment in Los Angeles. They had a bitter struggle. Jack nearly died of pneumonia when he was four. Afterward he suffered with asthma so racking that Maggie or Gram often had to carry him pickaback upstairs.

Homely, weak, forbidden to play with more robust children, often left alone while the two women worked, he developed his own kind of compensation. "Any time I looked out the window," his mother recalls, "my boy was looking in the trash cans. He was always searching for something, but he didn't know what. He used to say, 'But Maggie, there might be something down there.'"

His groping, tireless search did not stop as he grew older and stronger. The Webbs were on relief in the 1930s; Jack tramped forth daily with a brown paper bag to collect the wilted carrots and beets that were handed out through public agencies. But at Los Angeles Belmont High School he edged into amateur dramatics, drew cartoons for the school yearbook, and as a senior beat out the football captain to become president of the student body.

Roosevelt, Stalin, Churchill. World War II intensified his hunger for expression, fame, applause and riches. In 1943, after four years of clerking in a men's clothing store, he joined the Army Air Force as an aviation cadet. At Minnesota's St. John's University, where he took preliminary training, he wrote, produced and acted in two U.S.O. variety



Murray Garrett—Graphic

DETECTIVE WYNN

He'd go to R & I and pull the package, shows which convulsed the uncritical birdmen-to-be. He went on to Tulare and Taft, Calif., but was a clumsy pilot. He soloed but was washed out during primary training (although he sometimes claims, in moments of imaginative reminiscence, to have flown B-26 bombers) and found himself a buck private running a typewriter at Del Rio, Texas.

Frustrated, impatient, sick of the Army, he got a dependency discharge. Early in 1945, he headed for San Francisco, sniffing opportunity. The United Nations' Conference was just beginning, and radio stations, gripped by a wartime shortage of talent, were starved for announcers. Webb landed a temporary job at station KGO, the San Francisco outlet of the American Broadcasting Co. He went through the station like a vacuum cleaner, sucking up information.

Day after day, he hung over the delighted engineers asking endless questions about the mysteries of sound, about mike placement, about the volume indicator. He practiced tirelessly to modulate his voice; he haunted the continuity department and the record library. He studied sound effects. Within a few months, with the help of a lean ABC staff writer named Jim Moser, he started a weekly show of his own called *One Out of Seven*. Webb (who got \$8 extra pay) was the cast; he dramatized the big news story of the week by standing before three microphones and doing his best to imitate Franklin Roosevelt, Joseph Stalin, Winston Churchill.

Free Gardenias. Webb's colleagues referred to him as the "man with a hundred voices—all alike." Unabashed, he talked KGO into letting him do a comedy show, lured in audiences by getting a florist to donate free gardenias. "Did you call me, doctor?" he would cry. "No, I called you nurse, nurse!" In the midst of these frenetic endeavors, fortune smiled on him—a round-faced, voluble Irishman named



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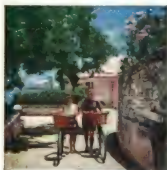
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Hamilton's shops display the best Europe has to offer. You can pick up a gift in Wm. Black & Co. in china, glass, silver or furniture. You'll find a complete stock of foreign cameras in The Camera Shop where printing and developing are done. A. S. Cooper & Sons overwhelm you with imported china, silver, antiques, furnishings and fine clothing for men and women. Peniston-Brown Co. has an outstanding selection of Guerlain, Caron, Lanvin, Patou, Chanel, Corlay, Ninn Ricci, Millot perfumes. H. A. & E. Smith is the big store in Bermuda with just about everything in clothing, furnishings, and antiques. If you can't find the clothing you want at Trimmingham's you are hard to please. For tooth paste, razor blades and such there's a Rexall drug store. The Phoenix, on Queen Street, Out in lovely Somerset, in The Irish Linen Shop, there is beautiful linen for every need. And your holiday isn't complete until you see how, through enflourage and distillation, delicate Lil Perfumes are made. Shopping finished, you can relax after dinner at The Bermudiana Theatre where your favourite stars perform. Come on down, it's wonderful.

Dick Breen joined the staff as a writer-producer.

Webb was impressed; Breen, just out of the Navy, had worked in New York. Breen was impressed, too. "Jack," he recalls, "behaved as if he had a Hooper rating of 28 and was in direct competition with Jack Benny." Breen moved into Webb's \$30-a-month room. A little later KGO was asked to fill an empty Sunday night half hour "for a Pacific feed" (all West Coast ABC stations). Breen, who was fascinated by San Francisco's Embarcadero, put together a hard-boiled private-eye show about waterfront crime, called it *Pat Novak for Hire*. Webb was Pat Novak.

Breen assaulted his audience with sex, violence, and sounds of foghorns and lapping water. He loaded the script with similes (sample: as difficult as "sand-papering an oyster"). But as the first program began, he stood in a control booth frantically waving at Webb to underplay. The show was an instant success, and for the first time Webb knew the delights of fan mail. *Pat Novak* ran for 26 stirring weeks. Then Breen simultaneously quarreled with the station management and got a Hollywood offer. He quit. An hour later, Webb quit, loaded his jazz records and clothes into his 1941 Buick convertible, drove back to Los Angeles, moved into his mother's \$28-a-month apartment, and prepared to try again.

After two years in radio he was a man with a reputation. With Pat Novak in his background, he did a brisk business as a radio freelance actor. But the jobs dried up: Webb could not resist telling directors how they could improve their shows. He sought motion picture parts. But to the eternal question, "Got any film?" (any previous parts), he could only shake his head. He finally got a bit in an Eagle Lion production called *Hollow Triumph*. A year later he got another in a picture called *He Walked by Night*.

Inky-Dinks & Sink. On motion picture lots, as he had at station KGO, Webb carried on his restless and insatiable quest for knowledge. If a sound man hastily "rolled a loop" of track as an airplane passed over (so that the intruding racket could later be dubbed into parts of the scene shot after it had disappeared), Webb asked why. He watched stage carpenters make golden oak out of cheap pine sets with yellow paint and combs. He patiently learned about studio lights (brutes, seniors, juniors and inky-dinks, in order of their size), and the tricks of lighting eyes and burning out mike shadows.

Before he ever dreamed of television triumph, he prepared for it. He tried to project himself into the nerve-racking world of the director, asked endless questions about the art of breaking master shots into closeups (never move the camera straight in, always shoot a little high or a little low, always be sure that the actor who "looks camera left" in the main scene is still doing so when his face is alone on the film). He peered at the "Moviola," the machine film cutters use in their hurried inspections. He quizzed



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IDAHO: Boise, Boise, Owyhee

Montana: Billings, Northern

San Francisco, St. Francis, New Affiliated

sound men as they muttered of click tracking and sink. He remembered an axiom of motion picture musical directors: "A woman will cry even if the music is bad, but if it's good you might make her husband cry too."

"That's What I Mean." On the set of *He Walked by Night*, Webb met the technical adviser, a rotund, cheerful Los Angeles detective sergeant named Marty Wynn. "It rangles every damn cop in the country when they hear those farfetched stories about crime," Wynn said to Webb. "Why don't you do a real story about policemen?" Wynn forgot the conversation in an hour. But three weeks later Webb arrived with Radio Producer Bill Rousseau at the Los Angeles police academy, where Wynn was taking a refresher course in criminal law and rules of evidence. Webb asked to ride on calls with Wynn and his partner, Detective Vance Brasher. They agreed.

Night after night, Webb sat in the back seat of the police Chevrolet, listening to the radio's unemotional reports of crime and human weakness, watching every move of the two detectives. After hours, he asked for coaching. How did they frisk a suspect? How did they kick in a door? Once he told Wynn: "Talk like a cop." The detective bristled. "We don't talk any different than you do." "Well," said Webb, "what would you do if you had a suspect?" Said Wynn: "Why, I'd go down to R & I [Records and Identification] and pull the package . . ." Cried Webb: "That's what I mean!"

Enter: *Sergeant Friday*. At 8 p.m., on June 3, 1949, a red-lighted sign in NBC's Los Angeles studio H flashed "On the Air." *Dragnet*, in its first radio form, was born. CBS had turned it down because it "wasn't enough like Sam Spade." The show, which Webb says he created "because I was starving and I had to keep the wolf from the door," was on the air only as a summer replacement. Webb's weekly take was only \$150. But week by week he labored for improvement; week by week his rating rose. In little more than two years *Dragnet* was the most popular show on radio.

Even before that, Webb had feverishly begun planning for the big jump to television. NBC, fearful of film, insisted that the show be done live and in New York. Webb refused. Finally, the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. stepped in, pressured the network into agreement. NBC shelled out \$38,000 for a pilot film, *The Human Bomb*, a real-life thriller about a madman who threatened to blow up the Los Angeles city hall to get his brother out of jail.

Webb had no sets, no camera crew, and could only hope he would be able to cast, direct and edit a motion picture. He briskly talked the police force into letting him shoot his scenes in their offices. Early on the morning of Columbus Day, 1951, while a rented Mitchell camera followed him (low side shot from a high hat) and off-duty cops held back spectators, Webb hurried across Los Angeles' Spring Street and up the steps of the city hall. Halfway to the top he hesitated, turned toward the



Gene Howard—Graphic House
MAGGIE SMITH WEBB

Her boy was always searching.

camera, flipped away a cigarette, looked at his wristwatch, and then hurried on into the building. Sergeant Friday had taken his first steps on film.

Realism & Quality. Webb shot his first picture in two long days. When he looked at it he began realizing with growing horror that it would be seen by armies of viewers on ten-inch television screens. He spent two extra days of shooting to achieve an effect which has become one of his trademarks: in every possible situation he told his story with closeups. *The Human Bomb* was a smash hit—with his sponsors, the critics and the public. In the 24 years since—years of increasing success and acceptance—Webb has achieved near miracles in combining speed and



Gene Howard—Graphic House
JULIE LONDON & CHILDREN
Father was always working.

cheap operation, with realism and the look of quality.

As a director, he is forced to work at a pace and in a catch-as-catch-can manner reminiscent of the early days of silent pictures. Where major studios do well to dub sound on one 1,000-ft. reel of film in one day, *Dragnet* must finish three reels in a half-day. But Webb refuses to surrender his almost fantastic insistence on accuracy of detail in backgrounds, dialogue and mannerisms.

Dragnet's sets exactly simulate the offices at Los Angeles Police Department headquarters. The very calendars are the same. The telephones bear the same extension numbers. Even the old-fashioned doorknobs are perfect duplicates—although it was necessary to make castings of the knobs at City Hall and have the copies struck off from them. Webb has striven for the same feel of realism in casting. He forbids makeup, shuns rehearsal, and from the beginning has relied largely on radio actors, "because they've all learned to act with their voices." The most notable exception is pink-faced, chunky Ben Alexander, 42, who plays Webb's partner, Detective Frank Smith. Alexander, a former child movie actor (*All Quiet on the Western Front*) who wisely invested his money and now owns a motel and several service stations, plays on *Dragnet* mostly as a diversion, has come to be one of Webb's few intimate friends.

The Breakage. Since *Dragnet* began, Webb has produced the equivalent of 35 full-length motion pictures—more than the output of many a major studio. For months, recently driving for extra time, he turned out two films and two taped radio shows a week. But he has not accomplished these prodigies of production without breakage. His marriage to former Actress Julie London—whom he courted during his San Francisco radio days—went on the rocks last year. Once *Dragnet* began, Webb had seen less and less of her and their two daughters, Stacey, 4, and Liza, 16 months. "All of a sudden Jack and I couldn't even sit down at the kitchen table and eat a sandwich together," Julie says. "We were lost."

There has been attrition too, in the ranks of colleagues who have not matched Webb's blazing pace, or satisfied his demand for creative contribution. Radio Director Rousseau was one of the first of the bodies to fall along the trail. He gave part of his time to other shows. Once *Dragnet* forged ahead, he was discarded.

Webb's agent, George Rosenberg, originally held title to *Dragnet*. Webb grew to regard him as a veritable kidnaper, but Webb did more than fume. An ex-furrier named Mike Meshekoﬀ handled the *Dragnet* account for Rosenberg. Meshekoﬀ talked his boss into putting the NBC contracts in Webb's name, and in return Webb gave Meshekoﬀ a quarter interest in the show. "I got a letter from Webb," says Rosenberg, "and what the hell do you think it said? Webb was discharging me!" Last January, in turn, Webb and his new business manager, Stanley Meyer (a man

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* * *

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* * *

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Complicating factor was the high value of the waterfront property to be used. This confined construction to a long, narrow, "finger" pier which eliminated the usual method of looping the gondolas out and under the unloading machines. Shuttling the cars back and forth spelled too much down-time for the big buckets. Finally the engineers thought of a conveyor belt and, automatically, the G.T.M. — Goodyear Technical Man — came to mind.

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MUSIC

Rippling Steel

Rudolf Serkin, 51, is a tall, loose-jointed man with heavily calloused hands. Driving his tractor at his farm outside Brattleboro, he could pass for a Vermont farmer. But on the concert stage, he ranks as one of the best pianists in the world. Last week Rudolf Serkin was onstage in Carnegie Hall, playing Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto, and showing a capacity audience the top of his form.

Camouflaging his stubborn shyness with a businesslike air, he sat and examined the keyboard closely whenever the New York Philharmonic-Symphony played without him. As his entrances approached, he grew tense, and his body began to sway and jerk to the rhythm. But there was nothing



PIANIST SERKIN & GIFT TRACTOR
Why not buy a cow?

jerk about his playing. From his crashing fanfares to his softly rippling passage-work, his performance had the strength and luster of blue steel. When the music ended, there was a moment of silence before the crowd recovered itself enough to start cheering.

Pianist Serkin was born in the Bohemian city of Eger. His father was a singer, so there was a piano in the house; young Rudi knew how to read music by the time he was four, made a public appearance at twelve. But papa Serkin discouraged a prodigy's career, and it was not until Rudi was 17 that he began touring as a member of Violinist Adolf Busch's ensemble. He made his U.S. debut in 1933, returned with his wife (Busch's daughter Irene) when the war began, and became a U.S. citizen.

He settled down on a rundown farm

near Brattleboro, and asked himself, since he had growing children, why not buy a cow? Once he had a cow, it seemed a shame to buy hay, so Farmer Serkin raised hay. Then it seemed a pity to stop with one cow. Today the farm is a going concern, with 18 head of Guernseys. It is also a place to rest between trips and concerts: 26 U.S. performances this year, 50-odd abroad.

Although his records (Columbia) are best-sellers, Serkin hates to record. "The trouble with recording," he says, "is that once it is made, it cannot be improved. In a concert, you feel you can always do it better next time." Studio sessions are so painful to Serkin that he has been known to forget, conveniently, to take his music with him. As a result, the record people do everything possible to make their virtuoso comfortable, once even lugged their heavy equipment to Vermont, to immortalize Serkin's performance of the "Moonlight" Sonata.

Despite the stern trials of concert and recording, Rudolf Serkin loves music more than ever, but he misses the old days of chamber music with the Busches, and he has organized a Vermont summer school especially for ensemble playing. It brings him together with other musicians. "Being just a pianist," he says, "is a very lonesome thing."

Spectacle in Paris

Paris has long been rather bored with opera. Since shortly before World War I, only a few real enthusiasts have been turning up to see the *Lohengrins* and the *Pagliuicis* sung against dusty backgrounds; the 2,300-seat Paris Opera House has been half empty even on gala ballet nights. But two years ago the management signed a new director, Maurice Lehmann, a man with the outsized imagination of a Cecil B. de Mille: since then, things have been looking up.

Lehmann pinned his hopes to two monster new productions: Rameau's forgotten *Les Indes Galantes* and Weber's beautiful but silly *Oberon*. "I wanted to give people plenty to look at," he says. "*Les Indes* has a shipwreck with thunder and lightning. In *Oberon*, cities appear by magic and goddesses are wafted to the clouds." Last week, the Paris public and press were devouring the new *Oberon* like happy children with ice cream cones.

Oberon's plot: to regain his wife, Oberon, King of the Elves, scours the earth to find a faithful couple. He finds a brave knight and his beloved who are shipwrecked escaping from Bagdad; she is captured by pirates, pursued by a sultan, rescued by her knight, and finally blessed by Charlemagne. Oberon, of course, turns up at every crucial moment to rescue his charges.

On such a flimsy plot, Lehmann drapes a super production involving 160-odd voices, 13 changes of scene, 94 stage hands, 37 electricians and some 100 supers. There is a showgirl chorus line, and eight

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special ballets. Flowery perfumes, concocted to match Weber's music, waft through the theater. In Act II there are no fewer than nine women suspended on nearly invisible wires above the stage ("They reminded me of airplanes waiting to land," said one reviewer).

Director Lehmann, 59, was always mixed up with the theater. After graduation from drama school (with a first prize), he joined the famed Comédie-Française, soon left the formal atmosphere to become, at 26, Paris' youngest theatrical director. Stressing dazzle in his productions, he brought Paris such musical shows as *Show Boat*, *New Moon* and, lately, *Annie du Far-West*.

Today, as director of both the Opéra and the Opéra-Comique, Lehmann has been overworking, feels he needs a rest, and may not renew his contract in September. If so, Paris will remember him as the man who put opera back on its feet.

Comradely Criticism

Ataulfo Argenta, Spain's No. 1 conductor (TIME, July 13), was in hot water. At the invitation of Madrid's literary magazine *Ateneo*, he had written out his views on the state of modern music in Spain—and candidly compared two highly delicate periods, 1922-36 (before Franco) and 1939-53 (after Franco).

In pre-Franco days, said he, such composers as Falla, Turina and Oscar Esplá "kept their windows open to the outer world," and wrote fine, arresting stuff. Now: "Our composers are living with their backs turned to current musical trends... Our standing is just about nil... There is only one alternative: renovation or death."

Madrid's political and art circles were shaken. Any comparison between "before" and "after" should conclude with words of praise for "after" in today's Spain. Infuriated composers were only too happy to plunge the matter heading into politics. Even blind Maestro Joaquín Rodrigo, the only Falangist composer esteemed by Argenta, wrote: "Argenta is definitely wrong. A good Spaniard has the duty as a musician and comrade to keep faith in the music of his country."

Faced with the loss of a hard-earned position, i.e., conductorship of Spain's National Orchestra, Argenta composed a second declaration. He was distressed. He apologized. He humbly affirmed that he was a musician and no writer. Perhaps, he explained, this accounted for the fact that he wrote something he really did not mean. His only aim had been to push and incite Spain's composers towards better production. Moreover, he had always been a convinced Falangist who "owes his personal peace, the peace of his family and the peace of his country to Franco and the Falangist movement." Concluded Argenta: "Far be it from me to dare criticize the musical activities of the regime I serve with my whole heart."

Last week *Arriba*, Madrid's official Falange newspaper, absolved Ataulfo, expressed satisfaction that "we are able to remain Ataulfo's friends and comrades."



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EDUCATION

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY: 1754-1954

TO most New Yorkers, the advertisement that appeared in the *Gazette* one day in 1754 was apparently not very exciting. The ad's announcement was that a new College would be opened some time in July, but when the time came for registration, only eight young men signed up. In those days, the institution that was to become Columbia, fourth largest (25,000 students) and fourth richest (\$113,589-957.37 in capital endowment) of U.S. universities, had not a single building to call its own. About the only thing it did have was a conviction: that "New York is the Center of English America, and the Proper Place for a College."

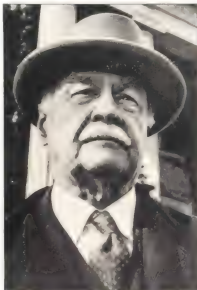
This year, as Columbia celebrated its 200th anniversary, it could summon scholars from all over the world to attend its year-long series of conferences and convocations. But in spite of its international prestige, it has never lost its early sense that the city is its "proper place," nor has it forgotten that its special character is largely a matter of location. It is an Ivy Leagueur minus the ivy, an ivory tower without ivory, a polyglot campus of brick and stone that still draws two-thirds of its undergraduates from a radius of less than 100 miles. Its bicentennial theme—"Man's right to knowledge and the free use thereof"—is wide as the world; but the university's own official title is still proudly local—Columbia University in the City of New York.

Mortifying & Humiliating. In the course of two centuries, the city itself has not always returned the compliment of such enthusiasm. It was true that George Washington let his stepson go there, and that Alexander Hamilton was an alumnus. But by 1814 the trustees were branding Columbia as "a spectacle, mortifying to its friends, humiliating to the city." In the 1850s, Trustee Samuel Ruggles ruefully pointed out that of two universities that George III chartered, Göttingen had 89 professors and 1,545 students, while Columbia still languished with six professors and 140 students.

It was not until 1865, when bearded President Frederick A. P. Barnard took over, ear trumpet and all, that Columbia began to achieve something like its present stature. The only trouble was that though Dr. Barnard was long on ideas, he was perpetually short of money. An educational statesman, he advocated honors courses, modern languages, the admission of women ("conducive to good order"), uniform entrance requirements for U.S. colleges, and teacher training. He looked forward to the day when Columbia would be a great university, complete with such modern additions as schools of engineering, architecture and commerce. Nevertheless, Columbia stayed put in its former deaf & dumb asylum on East 49th Street. It remained for the Midas touch of mil-

lionaire President Seth Low and his autocratic successor Nicholas Murray Butler to put Barnard's ideas into practice on Morningside Heights.

Princes & Pontiffs. The Butler reign (1902-45) lasted for more than 40 years, and for Columbia it was an age of vast expansion. "It is literally true," Butler once wrote, "that beginning with Gladstone, Prince Bismarck, Cardinal Newman and Pope Leo XIII, it has been my happy fortune to meet, to talk with, and often to know in warm friendship almost every man of light and learning during



Karl Buchmann—Black Star
PRESIDENT BUTLER

For big ideas, the Midas touch.

the past half-century." Along with premiers, princes and pontiffs, Butler also went in for bankers. He had such a way with men of means, in fact, that Muckraker Upton Sinclair finally dubbed Columbia "the University of the House of Morgan."

Today, under able President Grayson Kirk (who succeeded President Eisenhower), Columbia carries on the pursuit of learning on a campus that resembles an oasis in a traffic jam. But it is part of the university's nature that it regards the screeching city not as a distraction but as a stimulus. Students are inclined to treat the Metropolitan Museum of Art as a sort of Columbian annex. There are exchange arrangements with both Union and Jewish Theological Seminaries. Broadway actors, corporation lawyers, Manhattan literateurs have all given courses, and Columbia professors themselves are as much a part of town as gown.

Books & Presidents. At the heart of Columbia is Columbia College—one of the smallest (2,255 students) but still

one of the most influential in the Ivy League. It was Columbia that first revolutionized its freshmen and sophomore years by introducing what has subsequently become known as General Education, and out of the late John Erskine's famed humanities course came the inspiration for the entire Great Books movement.

Meanwhile, the university's professional schools and affiliated institutions (including the great \$50 million Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center) have exercised an influence of their own. Columbia started the first U.S. School of Mines (1864), awarded the first M.D. in the North American colonies (1770), established the first school of library training, the first professorship of agriculture, the first graduate school of social work. It has turned out three Chief Justices of the U.S. (John Jay, Charles Evans Hughes, Harlan F. Stone), enrolled in its law school the two Presidents Roosevelt ("You will never be able to call yourself an intellectual," huffed Butler after F.D.R. quit school for politics, "until you come back to Columbia and pass your law exams"). For better or worse, Columbia can also claim to have started the most powerful U.S. teachers' college—just across 120th Street, where TC's liberal-arts critics call "the widest street in the world."

Turbans & Slacks. Like New York City, Columbia is a melting pot. It is a land of the turban, the fez and the beret, as well as a casual assortment of G.I. shirts, flannel slacks and pin stripes. It bristles with institutes and centers for Russian, Middle East and East Asian studies, has a *Maison Française*, a *Casa Italiana*, a *Deutsches Haus* and a *Casa Hispanica*. Through the portals of Columbia, as through the Port of New York, passes the largest foreign enrollment in the U.S.

If the university has to a large extent assumed the character of the city, the process has also worked in reverse. Among its alumni are 3,000 New York City lawyers, 1,500 physicians, and 1,000 of the city's dentists. Its college and graduate schools have turned out ten New York governors (among them: Thomas E. Dewey, LL.B., '25), and 14 New York City mayors. Simon and Shuster, Harcourt and Brace, and Alfred Knopf all went there; so did Rodgers and Hart and Hammerstein II. In the newspaper field, Columbia boasts a variety of opinion-makers, from the *Times's* Arthur Hays Sulzberger to the *New York Post's* Editor James Wechsler to Hearst Columnist George Sokolsky.

The present faculty, much more than a distinguished cluster of scholars, includes two Nobel Prize winners (Physicists I. I. Rabi and Hideki Yukawa) and three winners of Pulitzer Prizes (Composer Douglas Moore, Historian Allan Nevins, Poet Mark Van Doren). It is also a reservoir



COLUMBIA CAMPUS is dominated by domed Law Memorial Library (center). At left, soaring tower of Riverside Church.

JOHN A. HARTMAN



MANHATTAN SKYLINE frames university buildings and traffic glow on Broadway. In distance is Central Park reservoir.

of talent that serves the whole metropolis. Such men as Philosopher Irwin Edman, Critic Lionel Trilling and Classicist Gilbert Highet are full-fledged city celebrities. Economist Carl Shoup wrestles with city finances; Historian Harry Carman serves on the Board of Higher Education, and a slew of geologists and planners struggle with the city's water and traffic.

But of all Columbia's contributions to its home town, none is more impressive than the School of General Studies, where anyone from taxi driver to tycoon can get a complete liberal-arts education pretty much on his own schedule. Since 1947 some 1,500 students have won their B.A.s there, and of these, 68% have gone on to graduate work. With that school, 200-year-old Columbia has rounded out the promise that President Barnard made nearly a century ago—that "no seeker after knowledge shall fail to find here what he requires, and . . . that no sincere and earnest seeker after knowledge, of whatever age, sex, race or previous condition, shall be denied the privilege of coming here."

The Compulsion

For two whole semesters, everything went smoothly for Associate Professor Kenneth P. Yates at the University of New Hampshire. Both students and teachers seemed to take to the new physics teacher, and Dr. Yates himself was obviously enjoying his new job thoroughly. A quiet, amiable man whose nose was usually in a book, he had come to the university armed with an A.B. from the College of Wooster, Ohio, and a doctorate from Ohio State. He also had high recommendations from the Christie Engineering Co. of Philadelphia. Most important of all, Yates certainly seemed to know his physics. To New Hampshire's President Robert F. Chandler Jr., he was nothing short of "brilliant."

The turn came one day in class when a graduate student named Wayne Overman began asking the professor some knotty questions about tensor density, an esoteric aspect of upper-story mathematics. To Overman's surprise, Yates seemed completely unaware of an outstanding German authority on the subject, and more surprising still, he had precious little knowledge of technical German terms. So Student Overman took it upon himself to look Yates up in *American Men of Science*. Sure enough, Yates was there, Ohio degrees and all—but he was listed as a research director of the Pure Oil Co., a Chicago firm.

Math v. Fairy Tales. Last week the university had to admit that it had been the victim of one of the strangest academic hoaxes in history. Yates, it seemed, was not the real Yates at all, but 31-year-old Marvin Hewitt of Hempstead, N.Y. He had never gone beyond high school, had never been to Wooster or Ohio State, and the Christie Co. that recommended him simply did not exist. Why had he taken on another man's name and record? It was, said Hewitt, "a compulsion. I always wanted to teach."

The compulsion, according to Hewitt, came to him early. The son of a Philadelphia laborer, he had begun "taking math books out of the library when the other kids took out fairy tales." At ten he was reading books on Einstein's theory of relativity, later became interested in psychology because "I recognized myself as a brilliant child." In his teens Hewitt claims to have mastered engineering, once wrote a paper for a state engineering society that was "so complicated that no more than three men in the room understood it." It did not really bother him that his father had showed so little interest in sending him to college. "The thought," says he, "of taking courses in subjects in which I was already recognized as one of the nation's leading authorities was ridiculous."

Quantum Electro-Dynamics. Since then, Hewitt has been playing a constant masquerade. Though he refuses to name



NEW HAMPSHIRE'S "YATES"
He always wanted to teach.

them, he claims to have had professorships at five campuses before coming to New Hampshire. Each time, he says, he has assumed the name and identity of some scientist working in another part of the country. Apparently it was no trick at all to send for photostatic copies of the necessary academic records, to make up plausible recommendations, and to be put on the list of the American Physical Society in New York. Wherever he went, he claims to have been a success. "I was a full professor of physics at 26, and one of the courses I gave—and only to professors—was on Renormalization in Relativistic Quantum Electro-Dynamics."

Last week, back at home with his wife and three small boys, Marvin Hewitt was resting up from his ordeal. But the old compulsion is upon him, and he hopes to go on teaching. And why not? "My record has been so phenomenal that some university might hire me. I am one of the top nuclear physicists in the country."

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The New Three Rs

Some time after hours one day last week, a band of vandals broke into Manhattan's Junior High School 52 for a lively round of delinquents' sport. They plugged up a sink on the top floor turned on the faucets and let a flood of water spread throughout the building. They invaded a science classroom, smashed its vials, overturned desks, scattered papers and exhibits over the floor. They sprayed halls and corridors with fire extinguishers, partly burned a school banner, slashed furniture in a teachers lounge, spattered paint through two classrooms, tore up books in the library. But to veteran Manhattan teachers, all this was not unusual. In the past few years they have become increasingly accustomed to what the New York Daily News



Richard Meel

SUPERINTENDENT JANSEN
Everybody is afraid but the kids.

has called the new three Rs—"rowdysim, riot and revolt."

Last week, in a special series, the News told its readers just how far the three Rs have spread. "A teen-age reign of terror," it said, "has transformed New York City's public-school system into a vast incubator of crime in which wayward and delinquent youngsters receive years of 'protection' while developing into toughened and experienced criminals." What is being done about the rising rate of rape, assault, knifings, thefts and dope addiction? Says the News: largely because of a feeling that neither the Board of Education nor Superintendent William Jansen (TIME, Oct. 19) will back them up, many teachers are just doing nothing.

Official eyes are closed or hastily averted from the increasing outbreaks of assaults with deadly weapons... While a student riot brimmed over into the streets in front of The Bronx's Walton High... a harried school official could think only of keeping the news of it



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from the press. 'We want to keep this down,' she pleaded. 'We want no publicity.' And this at a girls' school (enrollment: 3,150), where the situation is described by teachers and students as a 'powder keg,' with girls arming themselves with knives—their own, or cutlery stolen from the school cafeteria.

¶ "We asked a Bronx shopkeeper whose windows had been broken time after time by children from adjacent P.S. 51 . . . why he didn't take his case to the school principal. 'I should go to him?' he jeered. 'They break all his windows, too.'"

¶ "At Frederick Douglass Junior High . . . we asked an instructor why the corridors and classrooms were scrawled with numerous variations of a single obscene theme. The teacher winced, but replied wryly: 'Oh—ah—it's sort of a school motto here.'"

¶ "At Manhattan's Haaren High . . . five fires were set in a single classroom in a recent week. Only two were reported by the teacher for fear his disciplinarian slip might be showing."

¶ "In some schools, teachers estimate fully half the pupils carry pushbutton switch-blades or homemade zippuns. 'Many of these guns,' a teacher said, 'are made in the school machine shops in the presence of teachers who seemingly don't choose to know what is going on, or who are too timid to protest.'"

¶ "Many [students] have devised ingenious flame throwers, and others carry plastic water pistols loaded with searing or blinding chemical solutions. One resourceful youngster joined the National Guard, lying about his age, for the sole purpose of stealing a submachine gun. . . ."

¶ "Kids threaten and have beaten up teachers who wouldn't graduate or promote them . . . In Brooklyn, a teacher who reported a group of vandals to the principal was confronted in his office the next day and told he would be thrown out the window the next time he 'snitched.'"

¶ "In one school, 'a teacher recently stopped a fight between two students. Later that day, he found his new car . . . scratched and marked up by one of the boys. He reported the matter to the principal, but was told, he said, that since the incident occurred outside the school, it was beyond the school's jurisdiction. Last year a student roughed up a male teacher without being disciplined. Another student struck a woman teacher . . ."

¶ "At Jamaica High School in Queens, a teacher challenged three teen-age intruders in the corridors . . . They turned on him savagely and cut him up with their fists . . . Though he suffered severe lacerations, the teacher failed to report the incident to the police."

¶ Said one teacher, on being asked why so few delinquents are reported or punished: "The teachers are afraid of the principals. The principals are afraid of their superintendents. The superintendents are afraid of the board [of education], and the board is afraid of the truth. Everybody is afraid but the kids—and they seem to be afraid of nobody."



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We may or may not fly to the moon in our lifetimes. However, in Chemistry and Physics, the safest thing is *not* to predict what *won't* happen. In that future Spencer Chemical Company hopes to have an active and helpful place.



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hours in the coke oven. About 70% of the weight of the coal becomes coke. Most of the remainder is recovered in the form of gas, chemicals, oils and tars—from which come an array of products ranging from antibiotics to nylons.

In this illustration by Peter Helek, white-hot coke is being pushed from an oven into a special car, for transportation to a quenching tower. The quenched coke is then dumped on the sloping

wharf at the right and carried by conveyor to a screening plant for separation into various sizes. The large lump coke is then burned in the forced draft of the blast furnaces to smelt metallic iron from its native ore.

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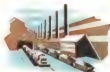
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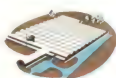


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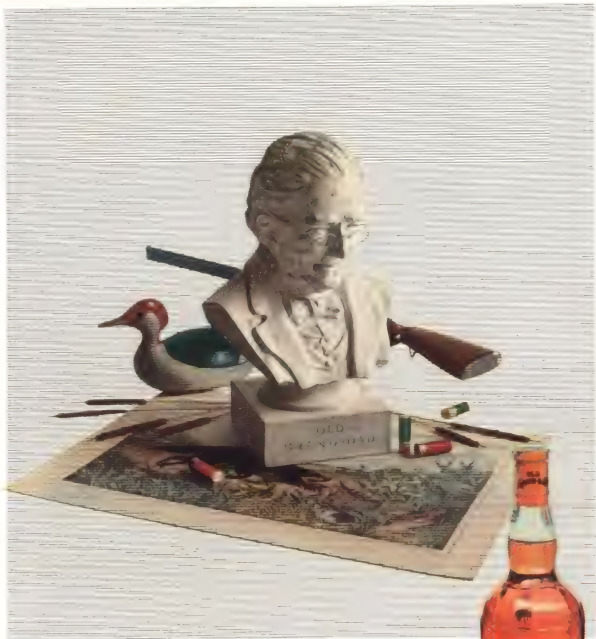
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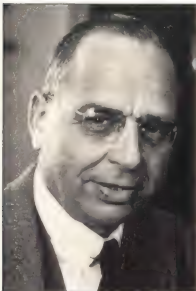
RELIGION

Truth Salesman

"My line is leather," said the English salesman to the American in the railway carriage. "What's yours?" The average-looking American looked up and smiled. "Truth," he replied.

This week Truth Salesman David Elton Trueblood, 53, got the biggest selling job of his life. He was appointed chief of Religious Policy for the U.S. Information Agency. As such, he will be in charge of one of the busiest, farthest-flung and least-known religious enterprises in the world.

To 119 posts in 77 countries the International Press Service of U.S.I.A. sends reprints of religious articles, news and feature stories, and background essays on



Robert Phillips

U.S.I.A.'S TRUEBLOOD
He'll provide the three Ps.

such subjects as "Communism and Religion" and "The Growth of Religious Liberty in America." All 158 overseas libraries of U.S.I.A. are stocked with 48 basic books on religion* and are regularly provided with lists of current religious periodicals and new books from which to order. The U.S.I.A. International Motion Picture Service produces religious documentary films for distribution abroad.

The Voice. But U.S.I.A.'s most important religious outlet is the Voice of America, which devotes between 7% and 8% of its weekly broadcasting time to religious programming, mainly to countries behind the Iron Curtain.

The Voice broadcasts sermons, interviews with clergymen, recordings of church services and religious music, religious news

from the U.S. and talks on the spiritual principles underlying U.S. democracy. Where the audience is predominantly non-Christian, broadcasts stress cultural, moral and philosophical values.

Dr. Trueblood's job is technically a new one, but for the past three years Dr. Albert Joseph McCartney, minister emeritus of the National Presbyterian Church in Washington, D.C., has served as full-time religious consultant to U.S.I.A. with the help of an inter-faith council.

Only in Snippets. "It's very exciting," said Quaker Trueblood last week. "The job seems to take in everything I've ever known and learned. It's really an enlargement under government auspices of what I've already been doing."

What he has been doing is to conduct one of the most effective ministries to laymen, church and unchurched, in the U.S. In 1944 Iowa-born Dr. Trueblood, then chaplain and professor of philosophy of religion at Stanford University, decided to begin writing and working for all literate people instead of merely other writers and scholars. He wrote a successful book called *The Predicament of Modern Man*. But he was still unsatisfied. "We knew what the Nazis believed," he says. "All we had to do was read *Mein Kampf*. We knew what the Russians believed; we could read Lenin and Stalin. But where was the Western way stated? Only in snippets, here and there."

Trueblood went to England "to get a better perspective on the West," wrote *The Life We Prize*, which he considers the most important of his 13 books. Since 1946 he has been professor of philosophy at Quaker-run Earlham College in Indiana and a leading light in the Society of Friends.

"There is more good life to the square inch here than any place else in the world," says Trueblood. But "we need the Three P's the Communists have: a philosophy, a program and a passion. . . . We must learn to wage peace as boldly as we wage war. . . . We are noted for salesmanship but we sell the wrong things. . . . We have kept silent about our spiritual possessions, which really have the power to kindle human minds."

Yazzie & the Navahos

Nestled at the foot of towering bluffs of red sandstone at Window Rock, Ariz. is the great, octagonal Council House of the Navahos. One day last week it was jam-packed with impassive Indians—new-style Indians with white man's haircuts and business suits, old-style Indians, long-haired and loaded with jewelry to show their wealth. There were many medicine men among them, and they shifted their silver-studded medicine bags on their shoulders as they waited for Yazzie.

"Yazzie" is Navaho for "Shorty," the affectionate nickname of Franciscan Father Bernard Haile (rhymes with wryly), who has spent 53 of his close to 80 years laboring to bring Navahos to Christianity

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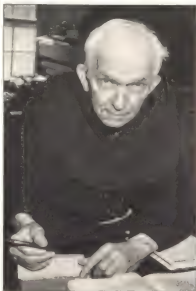


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and Christians to an understanding of the Navahos. It was in the latter role that the little white-haired priest came before the Council last week to speak for an hour and a half in his deep, booming voice.

Bit by bit during his years among them, he explained, he had learned from their medicine men what no white man had known before him: the whole of the "Blessing Way"—a sacred, secret collection of ceremonies covering the whole religious life of the Navaho people. He had written it all down, he told them, making sure to search out its purest, uncorrupted form; now he wanted to get it printed for a record of the Navahos among the peoples of the world. And it was not only permission he wanted—he needed money to publish the manuscript and he was turning for it to the tribe.

For ten hours the Navahos talked it over. This was too important a matter



FATHER HAILE

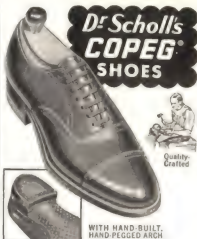
He learned what no white man ever had.

for the Council to decide, said one: the whole people should vote on it. It was sinful to give away the holy things, said another: they should never be written at all but handed down from father to son. But when the vote came at last, the pride of the tribe (and perhaps a hope that the book would help establish a pending land claim against the Government) made it 50 to 18 for giving Father Haile permission to go ahead with his 1,203-page manuscript and giving him \$30,000 to pay for it.

Yazzie beamed. "I am one of you," he said. But one of the councilors put it another way: "You came to make Christians of the Navahos, but the Navahos have made a Navaho of you."

Undesirable Aliens

The unblinking eye of the Cook County (Chicago) Council of the American Legion scanned the roster of 450 Protestant leaders from abroad who have been invited to the World Council of Churches



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OMEGA

THE WATCH THE WORLD HAS LEARNED TO TRUST

Assembly in Evanston, Ill. this summer. Four of them struck the Legion council as so "antagonistic to capitalism and to America" that the Legionnaires urged the State Department not to admit them: Dr. W. A. Visser 't Hooft of The Netherlands, General Secretary of the World Council, Methodist Bishop Theodor Arvidson of Sweden and two of the eleven delegates scheduled to come from behind the Iron Curtain—Dr. Joseph L. Hromadka of Czechoslovakia and Bishop Albert Bereczky, president of the General Synod of Hungarian Reformed Churches.

Dr. Franklin Clark Fry, president of the United Lutheran Church in America and vice chairman of the executive committee of the World Council, was "shocked and full of regret." It was difficult, he said, "to understand the psychology of any American who is so uncertain of the correctness of the American position" that he fears a few men "can corrupt the entire American nation."

The Pension Concubines

Living in sin is bad enough without the government's encouraging it, protested the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Vienna, and if the Church had to break the law to stop it—the Church would just have to break the law.

Ever since the war, thousands of Austrian couples have been living together without benefit of holy wedlock. Pensions, not passions, are to blame. Widows of public servants and war widows get a pension ranging from \$24 for the wife of a streetcar driver to \$80 for the wife of a field marshal—but the money stops if the woman marries again. The result has been a flood of what the Church calls "pension concubines." Laymen prefer such gentle euphemisms as "life companions." But however tolerant the neighbors, many Catholic concubines are unhappy about being cut off from the sacraments of the Church.

Five months ago Vienna's hard-driving Archbishop Coadjutor Franz Jachym vainly petitioned the Austrian Chancellor and Parliament to do something about it. The two most obvious solutions: 1) maintain widows' pensions in the event of remarriage; 2) amend the Nazi-instituted marriage law that makes it illegal for a priest to marry anyone without a civil ceremony first, thus permitting "marriages of conscience."

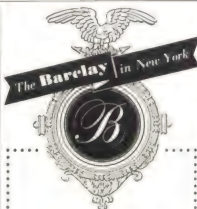
Last week angry Archbishop Jachym returned to battle with a public petition and a threat. Titled "On Behalf of Those Suffering Pangs of Conscience," the petition asked: "Shall the widow because she draws a pension of several hundred schillings... be obliged to forgo the primitive right of marrying again?" If the state refuses to act, wrote the Archbishop, "the bishops [will be] obliged to... order the proper priest to perform the marriage in open contravention of the law."

A Church spokesman put it more simply. "The Church married people secretly in Nazi times [mixed marriages between Jews and non-Jews, forbidden under Hitler]. We shall have to do it again."

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SCIENCE

Mach 1 at Zero

The Air Force, with supersonic craft already in the air, has not lost its taste or its need for high-speed derring-do. At Holloman Air Force Base, N.Mex., is a menacing contraption: a rocket-propelled sled that travels on railroad rails at 750 m.p.h. As an additional attraction, the passenger sits in a chair that tumbles over and over 180 times a minute. The rig is designed to simulate the air pressure and violent rotation encountered by a pilot who bails out of a fighter plane at the peak of its speed.

So far, only dummies have ridden in this disquieting sled, which can withstand forces up to 100G's. So when Lieut. Colonel John P. Stapp, 43 (TIME, January 18), head of the test project, called for human volunteers a fortnight ago, he could not have been sure how many would respond. Flying at the speed of sound in a comfortable airplane designed for the purpose is not the same thing as sliding at the same speed in a rocket-pushed sled at zero altitude.

Last week Colonel Stapp reported happily that he already has more volunteers than he can handle. He also announced that the first man to ride in the roaring sled would be Volunteer John P. Stapp.

Mars Committee

On July 2, 1954, Mars will come closer to the earth (40 million miles) than it has in 15 years. Astronomers look forward to this event with enthusiasm, and are already planning their summer's campaign. This month the "Mars Committee," representing leading U.S. observatories and universities, will meet in Washington to see that Mars gets the most thorough going-over (from earthlings) it has ever had.

The science-fiction writers, of course, have long since peopled Mars with subtle civilizations, beautiful women with golden eyes, and half-invisible ships sailing on red-sand seas. Some writers, bored with Mars, have gone on to other planets or even to distant galaxies billions of light-years away, where four-dimensional people (of three or more sexes) think five-dimensional thoughts and are made of inverted matter.

To such imaginative pioneers Mars is not very interesting, but astronomers feel differently. Except for the unworshipping Moon, Mars is the only object in the sky whose surface can be studied. Mercury is too close to the sun. Pluto is too far from the earth, and the other planets are hidden in clouds. Fascinating things may exist, for instance, beneath the white cloud deck of Venus, but no astronomer hopes to catch a glimpse of them.

Mars floats semi-naked, wrapped in its thin blue atmosphere as if in a transparent negligee. Yellow clouds, perhaps of dust, drift across it slowly. The white polar icecaps wax and wane with the swing of the Martian seasons, and its sur-

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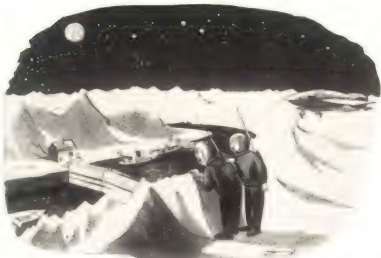
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"Well, This Settles One Thing—Those Funny Lines Are Canals"

face changes color, as if with seasonal vegetation.

Brief Visions. Besides these features, which have been photographed, the surface of Mars has a wealth of detail that has never been captured on a photographic plate. Motions of the earth's atmosphere make the disk jiggle and shimmer, and photographs, long exposed, show nothing but vague mottling. But when a trained observer looks at Mars through a telescope, his eye (which is "faster" than a photographic emulsion) stops the motion of the disk for brief instants at rare intervals. During these enchanted moments, Mars looks like a map covered with lines and dots and patches. The vision vanishes in a flash, long before the observer can note what he is seeing.

On many such half-seen visions of Mars is built the theory of its "canals," presumably built by intelligent beings. Skillful and honorable observers have seen a network of fine, straight lines crisscrossing the planet. Others, just as competent, have seen nothing of the sort, and the canal system drawn by one man seldom resembles the system drawn by another. Few modern astronomers accept the canals unreservedly, but most of them admit that there is something extraordinary on the face of Mars. They yearn to know exactly what.

Thousands of Pictures. Little new information about Mars has been collected since its last close approach in 1939. Telescopes have not changed very much since then, but there are more of them, and their accessories have improved considerably. Photographic emulsions are faster, permitting pictures to be taken with shorter exposures and less blurring. Some astronomers plan to use motion picture film this summer, taking thousands of pictures. Their great hope: that one frame at least will catch Mars when it is not jiggling, and show some of its detail unblurred.

Others will dissect its light with im-

proved spectroscopes, thermocouples and photomultiplier tubes. They will search for scraps of information about the Martian atmosphere, its clouds, its climate, its temperature. They may even get hints about its surface material and how much water is frozen in its glittering icecaps.

When the Mars Committee meets, it will apportion the intricate work among its available telescopes, both north and south of the equator. Each observatory will know what is expected of it when Mars draws near. Optimistic astronomers hope that this summer's effort will solve the great mystery of whether there is life on Mars. At any rate, they console themselves, they will have another chance in 1956, when Mars will come even closer: 35 million miles.

Mighty Crystal

The erudite science of solid-state physics can predict from theory how strong a metallic crystal should be if all its atoms were arranged in a perfect, regular pattern. The figure is usually so high that the real metal seems like mush by comparison. Crystals formed in ordinary ways, e.g., by cooling from a liquid, are full of imperfections and irregularities that reduce their strength. Crystals of pure iron, for instance, should, in theory, be a hundred times stronger than they actually are.

Last week General Electric announced that two of its scientists, Dr. Robert L. Fullman and Arno Gatti, have created a slender crystal of iron that is nearly as strong as it should be in theory. The G.E. crystal is only 1/1000 of an inch in diameter (the diameter of the finest human hair is about 1/1500 of an inch), but careful tests have proved it astoundingly strong. If its cross section were one square inch, it could hold up a weight of almost 1,000,000 pounds.

This is far stronger than any known metal or alloy. The tensile strength of annealed iron wire is about 60,000 lbs. per sq. in. The best alloy steel, a care-

fully contrived structure of many different kinds of crystals, has a tensile strength of less than 500,000 lbs. per sq. in.

Besides being monstrously strong, said G.E., the perfect iron crystal does not rust like ordinary iron. The same ordinary structure that makes it strong seems to protect it from oxidation.

So far, the perfect crystals have no practical utility. Said Dr. C. G. Suits, G.E. director of research: "We certainly cannot use them to support a suspension bridge. But their discovery is very recent. In time, applied science and technology will find a practical use for this form of metal."

Second Moon?

Astronomer Clyde Tombaugh, who spotted the planet Pluto (1930), is looking for a nearer and even more elusive object: a second satellite of the earth. Since he refuses to give details and refers questioners to Army Ordnance in Washington, it is fair to assume that the famous rocket-men who work for Army Ordnance are interested in the project. They may want merely to know what opposition from nature their rockets are apt to encounter when they climb deep into space. Or they may have a more ambitious interest: a nearby, natural satellite might be a more convenient base in space than the much-discussed artificial satellite.

There is no evidence so far that the earth has a second satellite, but Mars has two satellites, Jupiter has twelve satellites, and Saturn probably has millions of them in its rings. The earth may have picked up a few small ones. The fact that they have not been discovered yet does not prove that they do not exist.*

A small satellite close to the earth would be hard to spot. It might circle near the equator, invisible to most of the world's observatories. In any case, it would spend nearly half its time in the shadow of the earth, where it would be invisible. Most of the rest of the time it would be passing over the sunlit earth, and would look no brighter at best than a tiny fragment of the moon as seen by day. Best time to look for a small satellite would be at dawn or dusk, when it would be shining brightly above the dim-lit earth.

A satellite near the earth would have to move very fast to keep itself out of the clutches of the earth's gravitation, and its speed would make it doubly hard to spot. A miniature moon 1,000 miles above the earth would whiz around the earth in about two and a half hours, too fast for its image to be caught by ordinary photographic plates. Best way to catch it would be with a swinging telescopic camera turned to match its speed. Thousands of small areas in the sky must be examined and completion of such a search could take years. Presumably, that is what Dr. Tombaugh is doing.

* In Jules Verne's *From the Earth to the Moon*, a small satellite of the earth disturbed the course of the space ship and almost kept it from ever returning to earth.



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The All-American

In both his life and his art, Stuart Davis is as American as bourbon on the rocks. A dumpy, bejeweled man who talks with down-to-earth honesty in a good-natured nasal growl, Davis likes television, football, prizefighting, hot jazz and Manhattan skyscrapers. The bold and violent abstractions he paints echo the clash and clatter of 20th century American life, and they have earned him the acclaim of a satisfying number of fellow Americans. Last week, within four days after a new exhibition of his paintings went on view in Manhattan's Downtown Gallery, four had been sold at prices ranging from \$3,500 to \$6,500.

One top-priced canvas was an eye-straining mélange of stridently colored geometrical shapes called *Something on the 8 Ball*, bought by the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Another jazzy abstraction, *Tournos*, was sold to Utica's Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute. One reason for the high cost of Davis' paintings is the sparseness of his output. Says he: "I work murderously slow." He averages about three major paintings a year, has taken as long as six years to complete a large canvas.

Davis has been working murderously slow on abstractions ever since 1928. Now, at 59, he feels that his work is more concentrated in design and color than ever before. "I've learned to eliminate irrelevancies," he says. The most concentrated painting in Davis' current show is *Midi*. The brilliant fuchsia background contrasts

so sharply with the blue, orange, white and green of the geometric patterns that the spectator can look at the picture for only a few seconds without getting eye jitters. Davis smilingly admits: "It does kinda jump."

Midi, like all of Davis' titles, is an arbitrary one, although the luminous colors of the painting do suggest something of the brightness of the sunny southern part of France. Most of his titles, such as *Rapt at Rappaport's*, are as abstract as the paintings, in most of which the only recognizable objects are a few scattered words. Davis puts in words because he feels they are part of the U.S. landscape. "Everywhere you look," he says, "you see words." Two that recur in his paintings are "any" and "it." Davis favors such words because they are "usable without any specific meaning."

Artist Davis lives and works in a Manhattan studio, where he puts in long hours at his easel. He likes to paint with the television set turned on, but with the sound off. "I don't have to look at it. It's like having a window onto the street in your room." Davis, who used to play a hot piano himself ("I discovered I could paint better"), admits that his feeling for sharp rhythms and raucous tones is carried over into his clean-cut, hotly colored abstractions. Unlike some of his contemporaries, he finds the atmosphere of 20th century America a stimulant rather than a strain. Says he: "I am an American, born in Philadelphia of American stock. I studied art in America. I paint what I see in America."

At the age of 50, after he had been painting for some 30 years, demented Pierre Dumont tried to kill his own mother and was committed to an insane asylum in Paris. There, in 1936, he died in poverty, so overshadowed as an artist by his fellow impressionists Monet, Renoir, and Pissarro that the world had already forgotten about him. Last week London's Redfern Gallery threw open its doors to the first showing of Dumont's works outside France, and the long-neglected painter seemed suddenly destined for an amazing revival.

Out of the Back Room. The revival was due to an enterprising New Zealander named Rex de C. Nan Kivell, who runs the Redfern Gallery. In 1938 he had come across a Dumont landscape in the back room of a Paris gallery. It suggested both the influence of Gauguin and a comparable talent. After the war, Nan Kivell set out to find more of Dumont's work: he roamed all over France, picking up paintings from private collections and the homes of Dumont's friends. In ten years, he succeeded in getting together 54 Dumonts for the current show.

The results last week astounded even Dumont Partisan Nan Kivell. By the time the show was three days old, 25 Dumonts had been sold for a total of £12,000 (\$33,600). Twelve more were reserved by buyers in what turned out to be one of the biggest stampedes for the works of an almost unknown artist London has ever seen. Among the customers: Actors Sir Laurence Olivier, Sir Ralph Richardson and Richard Attenborough, Collector Lord Ivor Churchill, and Ohio's Toledo Museum of Art.

Spectacular Fireworks. Dumont's favorite subject was cathedrals, and his favorite cathedral was the magnificent Gothic pile in his home town of Rouen. He painted Rouen Cathedral in all lights, seasons and moods. His cathedrals are done in somber but pleasant colors, applied thickly in the manner of Dumont's more famous fellow sufferer, Vincent Van Gogh (opposite). His scenes of Normandy, Montmartre and Marseille and his still lifes are gayer, more vivacious, and show a love of life again strikingly similar to that evidenced in Van Gogh's brilliantly bloomed canvases. Like Van Gogh, Dumont also feared artistic impotency. He once told a friend: "I am getting stale, and nervous of repeating myself. I ought to discover something new . . . To remain static is death."

London's critics found nothing static in Dumont's work. The *Daily Telegraph* hailed him as "an ill-starred artist of genius." The *Daily Mail* reported that Dumont's pictures had burst "on artistic London with the blazing suddenness of a spectacular fireworks display," and even the staid *Times* noted: "He was certainly a strong painter . . . Perhaps the real reason [why he was forgotten] was that in an age of formidable individualism, he never developed a highly personal and clearly distinguishable style."



PAINTER DAVIS & "SOMETHING ON THE 8 BALL"
It does kinda jump.

Tommy Weber



VINCENT VAN GOGH PAINTED "WHEAT FIELDS" ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF ARLES ONE BRILLIANT AUTUMN DAY IN 1889

PUBLIC FAVORITES (36 & 37)

HAWAII is a meeting place of East and West, and the collection of Honolulu's Academy of Arts reflects the cultural heritage of each. The two pictures on this page—one modern European and one ancient Chinese—were twin winners of a popularity poll conducted at the academy last year.

"It would seem curious on the surface," says Academy Director Robert Grilling, "that two such dissimilar pictures would tie for first place in a contest like this. The quality the two have in

common is energy—the Van Gogh expressed by color and bold brush strokes, the Ma Fen by the more subtle means of variation of shades and some of the most incisive drawing in history.

Another element which both artists share is a sense of personal involvement in the world of nature. To bring alive the sight and sounds of his *Wheat Fields*, Van Gogh had to feel them in his bones. And to draw geese on the wing so convincingly, Ma Fen must have been able to imagine just what flying would be like.



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THE THEATER

New Play in Manhattan

The Burning Glass (by Charles Morgan) is one more melodrama in which a scientist discovers a new source of power—this time by harnessing the heat of the sun. Being the work of Charles Morgan, it is meant as far more—though at times it comes off as far less—than a mere thriller. The author of *The Fountain* is a stylishly earnest writer who, while posing philosophic debates over when the new weapon should be used, offers cultivated characters who spout Shakespeare and Keats and dress regularly for destruction.

They are all cozily upper-class—indeed, the Prime Minister who hurriedly arrives to claim Christopher Terriord's momentous formula for Britain was once a beau of Christopher's lady mother. But Scientist Christopher as firmly resists the P.M. on moral grounds as probably his mother did on matrimonial ones: arguing that spiritual matters, today, lag far behind scientific ones. Christopher will surrender his formula only in time of war or dire necessity. Meanwhile Christopher's chief assistant—who is in love with Christopher's wife—talks too much to a white-tie foreign gentleman, and Christopher is kidnapped. He soon returns, unharmed, perhaps because Playwright Morgan prefers the pursuit of ideas to a mere man-hunt; the only remaining action is that the assistant, for fear of blabbing again, nobly swallows poison.

The moral problem of *The Burning Glass* is genuine, and Playwright Morgan's characters say some pertinent things. But there is no real sense of moral passion, nor effect of intellectual light. There is rather an unconscious amount of talk that sounds much more like writing, and of love-making that seems written by rote. Despite a lively and accomplished performance by Cedric Hardwicke as the Prime Minister and about 15 minutes of good, vulgar, second-act suspense, *The Burning Glass* is a high-toned bore.

New Musical in Manhattan

The Girl in Pink Tights (music & lyrics by Sigmund Romberg and Leo Robin; book by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields) deserves credit for a good deed: it brought Renée Jeanmaire, of France and Hollywood, to Broadway. Impishly black-eyed, boyishly black-haired, seductively black-silk-stockinged, she is an expert and charming dancer, an inept and amusing singer, an explosive personality, and a very bright asset of a decidedly dull show.

The show is a period piece with mild historical warrant: it tells of a French ballet troupe which came to New York around 1870, was burned out of the Academy of Music while still in rehearsal, and joined forces with a melodrama rehearsing at Niblo's Garden. Though presumably an account of how—via *The Black Crook*—American musical-comedy was born, it seems an account of how it died. Few

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recent musicals have been more lavish, fewer still so long-winded.

The *Girl* loiters through a book burdened with one of those music-comedy love stories, and barnacled with scores of those jokes that are written in collaboration, as though no one writer cared to take the blame. It sprawls through a succession of Sigmund Romberg songs, all just sufficiently tuneful to sound like the same tune. In the face of this, the brighter bits—the acting of London's Charles Goldner, a ditty called *Up in the Elevated Railway*, some of Agnes de Mille's dance routines and most of Eldon Elder's sets—fail to count for a great deal. Even Jeanmire herself doesn't count for quite enough.

MILESTONES

Divorced. Guy Mitchell, 27, jukebox favorite (*My Heart Cries for You*) turned cinemactor (*Red Garters*); by Jackie Loughery, 23, Miss United States in the Miss Universe of 1952 competition; after 17 months of marriage; in Hollywood.

Died. Prince Ernest von Hohenberg, 40, younger son of Austria's Habsburg Archduke Franz Ferdinand, whose assassination at Sarajevo (1914) touched off World War I; of a heart ailment; in Graz, Austria. No friend of Hitler. Prince Ernest once smashed an illuminated swastika sign with his umbrella in Vienna, spent the next five years (1938-43) in a German concentration camp.

Died. Noel Gay (real name: Reginald Moxon Armitage), 55, popular British songwriter of the '30s best known for *The Lambeth Walk*, which became a favorite in England and the U.S. on the eve of World War II; of cancer; in London.

Died. Lieut. General Robert Charlwood ("Nellie") Richardson Jr., 71, old-time cavalryman, World War II chief of Army forces in the mid-Pacific (1943-46); of a heart attack; while visiting in Rome.

Died. William Harrison (Will) Hays, 74, pioneer guardian of Hollywood's celluloid morals (as head of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America), onetime G.O.P. National Committee chairman (1918-21) and Harding's first Postmaster General (1921-22); of a heart ailment; in his home town, Sullivan, Ind. Resigning as Postmaster General, he accepted Hollywood's offer to let him wipe clean the sin-filled screen (at \$100,000 a year), forestalled a widespread public demand for state censorship. No czar, wily Will Hays became U.S. filmdom's No. 1 booster (and whipping boy), helped draw up prim production and advertising codes, closely regulated moviemaking from story idea to exhibition. After 23 years, he abdicated in 1945; turned the Hays Office over to Eric Johnston, went home to Indiana to practice law.

● Putting ideas to work through chemical engineering

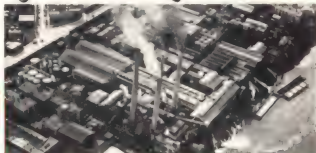


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Come aboard, friend





The wind is steady over the deck. The Landing Signal Officer figures the Cougar's closing speed. *Too fast*, his paddles say. The jet lifts her nose. *Roger*, his paddles say. He judges deck pitch and roll.

Cut! The Cougar drops, hooks a wire, and is pulled to a stop in less than 100 feet. A crew frees her, and with wings folding, she moves off the canted landing deck.

Canted deck, catapults, and Cougars, he thinks. They mean a new era of Naval airpower. The canted deck, angled away from the planes parked forward, increases landing area and safety. With the new steam catapult, they can even launch planes down-wind. And now Navy squadrons are flying Cougars, their first operational swept-wing jet fighters.

The bullhorn gives him another Cougar on approach, and it grows in the groove. *Roger*, his paddles say. *Roger. Cut: come aboard, friend.*



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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Bright Friday

Ever since Black Thursday of 1929, the figure 300 has had a magic meaning for Wall Street. On that October day the Dow-Jones industrial average, which had hit a peak of 386.10 in September, crashed 40 points and dropped below 300. In more than 24 years since 1929, it never reached 300 again. By mid-1930 the average bounced back 100 points to 297.25, but then started its almost uninterrupted fall to the 1932 low of 40.56. Last year the Dow-Jones average again inched up to 295.06, but got no higher. But last week on Friday (March 5, 1954), it made it. The industrial average hit a high of 300.68 and closed the day at 299.45, up nearly five points for the week.

From industry and government last week came figures to bolster the view of investors that the worst of the business adjustment might be over. *Ward's Automotive Reports* announced that auto sales in February were up 12% over January, and predicted a 15% rise in March output. Plymouth recalled 7,700 workers previously laid off, but Studebaker, still having trouble with sales, shut down for a week.

In February, said the Commerce Department, construction outlays were at a new high for the month (\$2.3 billion), and so far this year were running 2% ahead of 1953. Retail sales were also holding up well. General Electric, for example, reported that its sales of small appliances were 25% above last year's level. Personal income in January (at \$282 billion) was \$2 billion ahead of January 1953. There was no doubt that people had money to spare. Savings bond purchases totaled \$422 million last month, the best February showing since 1946.

In Chicago, Chairman Robert Erastus Wilson of Standard Oil of Indiana expressed his own optimism in the future as his company reached the \$2 billion mark in assets. Said Wilson: "It took us 57 years to reach \$1 billion in assets, and just seven more years to reach \$2 billion." Wilson, already after the third billion, announced that in the next two years Indiana Standard will spend \$500 million on expansion and modernization. The oil industry as a whole, he thought, can look forward to an increase in demand this year "almost as large as that for 1953 ... or 4% to 5%."

AGRICULTURE

Thorn of Plenty

The Administration last week called in an expert food salesman to help move a mountain. The expert: lean-jawed Clarence Francis, 65, who will retire next month as board chairman of General Foods Corp. (Maxwell House coffee, Birds Eye frozen foods, Swans Down cake mixes, etc.). The mountain: the Govern-



George Karger—Fr.
SALESMAN FRANCIS

He hopes to move a mountain.

ment's vast and growing stocks of surplus agricultural products, which now total \$2.7 billion. Francis took over a White House desk as presidential adviser on surpluses and chairman of a new interdepartmental committee on disposal plans.

Getting rid of farm surpluses, even in the form of gifts, is a tough job, despite the fact that many of the world's people are on the brink of starvation. At home and abroad, farmers and merchants are quick to protest cut-rate sales or giveaway programs that push down local prices. Accordingly, the surpluses have to be dis-

tributed outside normal trade channels.*

In the U.S., the Agriculture Department expects to give away \$170 million worth of surplus food this year to state welfare agencies and school-lunch programs. Now Washington is discussing plans to provide free food for similar programs abroad. Another idea is to barter farm surplus for goods and services that the U.S. Government would otherwise have to pay for in dollars. This week Japan signed an agreement to take \$40 million worth of surplus food in part payment for U.S. purchases of arms and ammunition under the offshore procurement program (see below). The Agriculture Department has already got rid of \$75 million in food in several such barter deals. Recently the department traded surplus food for European fertilizer to send to the U.S. Army engineers for use in Korea.

A lot of farmers in the old Kansas-Nebraska-Oklahoma-Colorado dust bowl were worrying about a lack of wheat, not a surplus. In the last fortnight, storms have again covered farms in the drought-stricken bowl with blankets of dust. Colorado's Republican Governor Dan Thornton pointed out that there would be no dust bowl if good grazing lands, anchored by tough, tangled grass roots, had not been plowed up to plant wheat under the incentive of Government-supported high prices. Said he: "High prices guaranteed for wheat have . . . led to plowing up . . . land which never should have been cultivated."

RAILROADS

Help! Help!

In the fight for control of the New York Central, both sides went looking for outside help. To the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Central's management last week sent a 17-page petition asking the Commission to check up on all of Robert R. Young's maneuvers since the fight began, charging that they violated ICC regulations.

Specifically, the Central charged that the sale by Young's Allegheny Corp. of its Chesapeake & Ohio stock holdings to Cleveland Financier Cyrus Eaton was just a trick to skirt the ICC rules, that Young and Allegheny still control the line. C. & O. Board Chairman Eaton, said the Central, had obligingly sold the C. & O.'s 800,000 shares of Central stock, which had been held by a trustee, to Young's millionaire friends Sid Richardson and



Walter Bennett
RAILROADER YOUNG

He wants to find a Vanderbilt.

* Foodman Francis can expect little help from the stream of suggestions made to Washington by private individuals and organizations. The Red-united International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union suggested that members of Congress accept surplus food in lieu of pay raises, and a Nebraska woman thought that the free food should be given to pregnant women. The Agriculture Department solemnly rejected this last idea on the grounds that "it would be administratively impossible to establish adequate tests of eligibility."

TIME CLOCK

Clint Murchison so they could vote it. "Eaton," said the Central darkly, "does Young's bidding."

"Substantial Benefits." Bob Young swung back with a sweeping blow against the Central and 15 of its directors. He filed suit charging that the directors misused Central funds by hiring a publicity firm (Manhattan's Robinson-Hannagan Associates) to help fight him and by spending company money to solicit proxies for the Central meeting, May 26. Young also charged that four big banks (J. P. Morgan, the Mellon National Bank, First National of New York City and Chase National) were deriving "substantial benefits" from the fact that their heads are Central board members. The railroad itself, Young noted, operated at a \$2,762,696 deficit last month. What galloped Young even more was the contract given to the Central's President William White, which stipulates \$120,000 a year until he retires at 65, \$70,000 for five more years, and \$40,000 a year from then on until he dies. Young charged that the contract was never approved by the Central's stockholders.

White answered Young by pointing out that the Central's biggest bank deposits are with the Irving Trust Co., which is not represented on the Central board. As to the terms of his contract, said White, they were in a proxy statement sent to all stockholders after he was hired in 1952.

The Central got a chance to jab again when Young nominated seven men who, he said, would be on the board if he captures control. He airily added that he wanted a Vanderbilt on the board because "I can't imagine a New York Central board without at least one Vanderbilt... to flavor it." William H. Vanderbilt and his cousin, Harold S. Vanderbilt, both members of the Central board, turned Young down cold. Alfred Vanderbilt, William's half brother, followed suit. Added Harold: "I have no doubts about Mr. Young's ability as a stock manipulator, but running a railroad is quite another thing."

For the Record. How well had Young run his railroads? When Young took over Allegheny Corp. in 1937, he got control of five railroads—the C. & O., the Pere Marquette, the Nickel Plate, the Wheeling & Lake Erie, and the Erie. The shaky Erie went into bankruptcy in 1938. As for the others, which have a total 6,485 miles of track compared to the Central's 10,714 miles, even Young's bitterest enemies admit that he has done a fine job on finances, though opinions differ on Young's ability as a practical operating railroad.

Critics complain that he has spent too much money (\$195 million since 1937) on road improvement on his C. & O. for too small a return. Furthermore, the Central's White charges that other highly publicized Young improvements, such as a prohibition against tipping, a centralized ticket-reservation bureau for the whole

OIL companies have formed a combine to market Iran's oil, in expectation of an early solution to the country's oil troubles. Stock in the group is held 40% by Anglo-Iranian Oil Co., 40% by five U.S. firms operating in the Middle East—Standard Oil (N.J.), Gulf Oil, the Texas Co., Standard Oil of California, Sococo-Vacuum Oil—and 20% by French and Royal Dutch Shell.

GENERAL Dynamics Corp., which last year bought 400,000 shares of Consolidated Vultee stock (17%), wants to merge with the planemaker, if stockholders approve. Under the deal, Convair will exchange one share of stock (2,379,298 shares outstanding) for four-sevenths of a share of General Dynamics, makers of the atomic submarine and jet fighters, but will continue to operate much as before.

THE Army is having trouble with its medium (48½-ton) M-47 tank, turned out by General Motors. The bug is a defective transmission screw in 6,450 M-47 and M-48 tanks. On rough terrain, it drops loose and damages the transmission. Cost of repairs and replacement: over \$200,000.

EARL ("Madman") Muntz, who as late as January was talking about further expansion of his TV-set business, has been blacked out by creditors, who threw his company into bankruptcy. Muntz admits that he is losing money (\$145,000 from April to August 1953) but still thinks he can reorganize and stay in the TV business.

JET engine production will get a boost next year through a \$1,100,000 deal between Crucible Steel Co. and the National Research Corp. For 25,000 shares of stock, the steel company has bought a half interest in National Research Corp.'s subsidiary Vacuum Metals Corp., the only com-

mercial producer of high-purity metals by the vacuum melting process. Vacuum Metals will expand production 500% to more than 100 tons of metal a month for navigation instrument bearings and turbine blades.

FIVE & DIME oil boom is on at Seneca Lake in eastern Ohio since an auto dealer, wildcating in his spare time, struck oil at 464 ft. So far, local businessmen have put down 30 wells, have 15 more drilling, and leases on plots are going for as much as \$1,600 for a 40-by-50-ft. lot.

AUTOMAKERS are pulling out of India because of government import restrictions aimed at building a domestic auto manufacturing industry. Both General Motors and Ford of Canada will close down their Bombay assembly plants, the first and second largest in India.

PAN AMERICAN World Airways will operate a string of seven Air Force guided-missile tracking stations stretching from Cape Canaveral, Fla. about 1,000 miles into the Atlantic. The airline, which got the job because it can do it cheaper and with less personnel turnover than the Air Force, has a \$5,000,000 contract to run the stations for the rest of fiscal 1954.

REYNOLDS Tobacco Co., last major holdout against filter-tip cigarettes, is bowing to the trend, will soon bring out a king-sized filter-tip brand called "Winstons."

TV manufacturers are coming to the conclusion that they will have a tough time selling color sets outright at their current prices—\$700 & up for a receiver with 12½-inch picture, plus a \$250-to-\$300 service contract. Emerson Radio & Phonograph Corp. has decided to lease its first sets instead of selling them, will not sell until color sets are better.

line, and ultramodern freight cars, have not materialized.

This week Bob Young laid down his list of accomplishments in the annual report of his Allegheny Corp. "C. & O. locomotives, which in 1938 averaged 20.1 years of age," said Young, "now average only 9.1 years; regular service passenger cars, which averaged 17 years of age in 1938, now average about six. . . . No other railroad has so completely modernized its passenger equipment." The C. & O.'s passenger service losses, said Young, have been cut from \$21 million in 1947 to \$14 million in 1952 by eliminating unprofitable runs. Young added that "in the same period, the Central's passenger losses rose from \$30 million to \$50 million."

Earnings-wise, the C. & O. is not exceptional among U.S. railroads. But Young pointed out that "earnings went from \$4.43 a common share in 1937 to \$6.04 last year, [while] C. & O.'s chief competitor, the Norfolk & Western, earned \$5.53 . . . in 1937 and only \$4.75 a share last

year" (adjusted for a stock split). The Pere Marquette, which was near bankruptcy in 1937, said Bob Young, had reduced its fixed-interest debt 24% and the carrying charges 44% by 1947; the year it was absorbed into the C. & O. "A property which might easily have been lost through bankruptcy, in 1953 contributed over \$7,000,000 to C. & O.'s total net income."

As for the Nickel Plate, said Young, it failed to earn its fixed charges in 1938. But by 1946 the road was "rehabilitated." In 1947, when Young started his Central fight, he had to get rid of his Nickel Plate stock, under ICC regulations, because it competes with the Central. He chose to give it to C. & O.'s shareholders, and the stock has proved a bonanza. Nickel Plate shares, said Young, which sold "as low as 7" in 1938, had climbed as high as 50 in the year the melon was cut. Since then, the stock has been split 5 for one and still sells for 35, the equivalent of 175 a share of the old stock.

HOW MANY U.S. JOBLESS?

Confused Figures Lead to Confused Decision

HOW high is U.S. unemployment and how fast is it rising? The answer is of vital importance to the U.S. because a continued rise in unemployment would call for a radical change in Administration plans for taxes and spending. Yet the answers from the Administration's statisticians are more confusing than enlightening: their last estimates of unemployment (for January) ranged from 2,359,000 to 3,087,000, a difference of 728,000. Not one knows which figure to believe, and last week Commerce Secretary Sinclair Weeks was so disturbed that he had a panel of experts checking over the accuracy of the whole statistical system.

The trouble is that the Government uses three basic methods to chart the ebb and flow of U.S. unemployment, and all three need improvement. All are limited surveys and wide open to errors of interpretation. Of the three, the most important—and most controversial—is the Census Bureau's total count of the U.S. labor force (currently about 62 million over the age of 14). The bureau first checks a tiny, carefully chosen sample of the U.S., only 25,000 households in 68 key areas. Then it mathematically projects the figures on the size of the labor force—and the jobless—to cover the 45 million households spread out across the nation. To the layman, the sample seems woefully small. Even the slightest mistake is multiplied 1,800 times. Yet statisticians claim they can get accurate results, and point to the 1950 census, which showed a difference of only a few thousand in unemployment totals based on a 33% sample, a 20% sample and a complete count.

That a sampling system is open to big error is apparent from the huge, 728,000-worker difference between the Census Bureau's two figures for January. That month, the Census Bureau tried a new system by increasing its sampling from 68 to 230 communities. It hoped for greater geographical representation, and it wanted to include new industries, e.g., electronics, which have grown up since the war. Since one of the two sampling systems must be wrong, most experts vote for the new system and the 3,087,000 figure. They argue that accuracy should increase through a greater geographical spread.

But the census figures, even if accurate, would not necessarily tell the whole story on unemployment. The very definition of "unemployment" is a problem. Census takers ask a series of carefully phrased questions to find out if a man worked at all during the week,

was temporarily laid off, was either looking or not looking for a job. Only those out of work and actually looking for jobs are counted as unemployed. Thus a housewife who is laid off from her factory job but does not look for a new job is not counted as unemployed even though she may be drawing unemployment insurance. Furthermore, the Census Bureau's system gives no weight to partial employment.

The Government's two other methods of watching unemployment are much more limited in scope and only partial answers at best. The Bureau of Labor Statistics' monthly check on factory employment is a full rundown of 155,000 companies and 23 million workers, but it is a specific count of factory employment, not total unemployment. The number of jobless is simply an estimate based on the rise and fall of payrolls. Another drawback is that it reflects no unemployment among U.S. farmers, Government workers, servants, or the self-employed.

Even less accurate as an unemployment guidepost are the much-quoted weekly figures on unemployment compensation. Jobless insurance covers a wide range of U.S. labor—some 60% of all workers—but the figures are only a rough approximation of unemployment. The reports all come from the states, each of which has different laws about the eligibility of industries and length of time a worker must wait before he can collect insurance. The figures also become increasingly misleading as unemployment climbs. Claims tend to drop sharply as fewer people have jobs to lose and as the jobless period lengthens. State unemployment insurance lasts but 26 weeks at the maximum. Thus a worker out of a job for a longer period automatically goes off the insurance rolls.

Government economists are agreed that the country needs a clearer picture of the job situation. One way the Government could help would be to get all the unemployment statistics together in an overall monthly report by some expert body such as the President's Council of Economic Advisers. This might give each figure its proper weight, and thus end much of the confusion. But even more important is the need to overhaul the statistical methods themselves, find out why there could be a difference of 728,000 between two estimates. Over the years, U.S. business has learned to plan for the future by arming itself beforehand with as accurate statistics as it can get. The businessman's Administration has not yet begun to profit by this lesson.

MANAGEMENT

G.E. v. the Reds

After years of trying to deal with Communist employees through the National Labor Relations Board, giant General Electric Co. is getting tough on its own hook. Before a Senate subcommittee on internal security last week, Vice President Lemuel R. (for Ricketts) Boulware announced that G.E. has already suspended (with pay) 17 of its employees who ducked behind the Fifth Amendment when asked about their Communist connections by congressional committees. The 17, said Boulware, have 90 days in which to clear themselves by answering the questions or by getting a clean bill of health from the Government. If they fail to do so, they will be fired. Boulware noted that of the eight led to the Red-led independent union, the United Electrical, Radio & Machine Workers of America, five are in the C.I.O. International Union of Electrical, Radio & Machine Workers (two more are within its jurisdiction), while two belong to A.F.L. unions.

BUSINESS ABROAD

Crisis in Japan

Over a Tokyo luncheon of pink macaroni and deviled quail's eggs, a group of top Japanese industrialists last week ticked off their country's economic woes to newsmen. The list was long. Since the end of the Korean war, U.S. Army special procurement orders for supplies have dropped 70% from the \$32 million-average in the first half of 1953. Japan's industry is burdened by crushing bank loans; labor and raw materials are skyhigh. With fewer dollars than before, Japan must still import a minimum of \$400 million worth of basic foodstuffs each year, and her exports are falling behind imports by \$240 million a year. The result is that Japan's economy seems on the road to collapse. In 14 months, her foreign-exchange reserves have sunk 18%, from \$1.1 billion to \$900 million.

Japan's businessmen are quick to blame for this state of affairs. Instead of using Korean war profits to retool their plants, pack new muscle on Japan's war-torn industry so it could compete better in the free world, they squandered much of the money on modern office buildings, long, black limousines, English tweeds and expensive parties. But the real crisis will not come, say some observers, until Japan's reserves drop to \$600 million. Thoughtful businessmen, who long ago warned that the end of the Korean war would hit the economy hard (TIME, April 20, 1953), are determined not to let the problem get that far. They are looking for new export markets to bolster Japan's economy.

New Pact. The U.S. has agreed to help by funneling as much as \$100 million for defense materials into Japanese industry this year. Japan can also count on about \$240 million in special Army procurement orders over the next three years, another \$350 million a year to be spent by U.S. security forces. But the Japanese

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look on U.S. aid as only a short-term proposition. The long-range solution, they say, lies in heavy trade with Asia, and they are looking longingly at Red China.

So far, exports to China, which amounted to \$255 million a year before World War II, are still negligible. Though they climbed 750% in 1953, they totaled only \$4,500,000 (mostly medicines and chemicals), a mere 2% of the total known free world exports to China (mainly from Hong Kong, West Germany and France).

New Trade? The Japanese should know that Communist trade rarely works out as advertised, and usually contains more propaganda than produce. Last year's barter deal with China for \$170 million in raw materials such as iron ore and lumber in return for finished products from Japan has yet to produce its first delivery. Nevertheless, Japan's economy is so shaky that businessmen are clamoring for more business with China despite U.S. pressures. They think the fact that trade would strengthen China in the cold war is not as important as the fact that Sino-Japanese trade would also strengthen Japan. Said Kumaichi Yamamoto, a conservative ex-diplomat and now head of the Japan-Red China Trade Promotion Society: "We are moving inevitably towards increased trade with China. This cannot be prevented by the Americans with stop-gap money grants or any other kind of economic aid. The U.S. should realize that she stands to gain more by supporting trade instead of thwarting it."

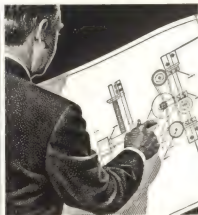
AVIATION

Northwest Exit

A smoldering feud at Northwest Airlines blazed into the open last week. President Harold R. Harris resigned because of "basic and irreconcilable differences of opinion . . . between myself and a group who presently constitute a majority of the company's board of directors."

A veteran airman, Harold Harris, 58, was Chief of Staff for the Army's Air Transport Command in World War II. Pan American's chief of Atlantic operations when Northwest's board of directors hired him to take over 14 months ago. Under President Croil Hunter, who moved upstairs to board chairman, Northwest had been plagued by maintenance and pilot troubles, high operating costs and a shortage of equipment. Harris leased four DC-6Bs, ordered six Lockheed Super Constellations, and worked out long-range plans for modernization and expansion, including a new heavy-maintenance base at Minneapolis. His policy was, as he put it last week, "spending money to make money."

But Harris ran into stormy weather with the board. About 25% of Northwest's common stock is owned by Wertheim & Co., or held for customers of two New York brokerage firms, Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane, and Carl M. Loeb, Rhoades & Co. They have a tight grip on the board. But Harris felt they were less interested in long-range plans than in the quick resumption of



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TIME, MARCH 15, 1954

dividend payments that would increase the market value of their common stock. To the board's distress, the stock sank lower under Harris, from 14½ in January 1953 to 9 a year later, though net operating income rose 81% during 1953, from \$693,000 to \$1,277,000.

In January, when Harris was temporarily laid up by a heart ailment, Vice President Malcolm S. Mackay, who was named executive vice president a fort-



Malcolm S. Mackay

EX-PRESIDENT HARRIS
He went down with the stock.

night ago, took the controls. At the same time, the board rescinded its earlier approval of Harris' long-range program and decided to defer payment of the quarterly preferred-stock dividend. That knocked the common down another 1½ points, to 7½. The next day, without a word to President Harris, an executive of the company notified a St. Paul newspaper that Harris was out.

The report was premature, but it was only a matter of time before it came true. This week Northwest was shopping around for another president.

WALL STREET The "Winchell Market"

"Wall Streeters," boasted Hearst gossipist Walter Winchell last week, "are calling the current rise of many stocks a Walter Winchell Market." The truth was less impressive than Winchell's fiction. For the past few months, on his Sunday night radio-TV broadcast, Winchell has been as full of tips as a market newsletter. The Securities Exchange Commission, which questioned the sources of his tipstering several years ago, but retreated when Winchell pleaded "freedom of the press," is not officially concerned with his latest interest. Winchell has assured the SEC that he does not receive payment for giving advice. But many an amateur investor who followed his advice would



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have been better off if he had stayed away from his radio or TV set. Sample Winchell tips:

¶ The "biggest oil strike in North American history . . . may be confirmed tomorrow by Amurex Oil Development Co.," broadcast Winchell last April. Amurex, which closed the Friday before at 14½, opened the Monday after his broadcast at 20½. Since then, it has dropped as low as 10½, is now at 13½, more than 7½ points below its post-Winchell price.

¶ After Winchell said the Missouri Pacific Railroad (TIME, Feb. 15) would make "market news," the preferred stock opened Monday at 51, 5½ points higher than its pre-broadcast closing. It rose to 54½, but is now back to 48½, down 2½ points after Winchell's tip.

¶ Last month Winchell plugged Universal Consolidated Oil, the company drilling on 20th Century-Fox's Hollywood lot. When the stock opened Monday at 67, it was up 5½ points from its Friday closing. Now it is down to 63 again, a four-point loss for anybody who bought on Winchell's advice.

Many a Winchell tip is simply picked off the news wire, is "exclusive" only because no major Sunday afternoon papers are published in the U.S. Thus when Howard Hughes announced his offer to buy all RKO stock on a Saturday afternoon (TIME, Feb. 15), Winchell broadcast the news which dailies carried Monday morning. Next day the stock rose 2½ points, thanks to Hughes's offer—not to Winchell's tip. Last week Winchell breathlessly peddled another hot market tip: "Another tremendous oil strike 60 miles south of Ely, Nevada." But the "news" had no effect on the market: Shell Oil Co. itself had announced the oil strike two weeks before (TIME, March 1).

OIL

The Deep Hole

An oil well that goes down 12,000 ft. into the earth's crust is unusual. Only rarely have oil companies, e.g., Humble Oil, Gulf Oil, drilled below 15,000 ft. But in the little town (pop. 1,800) of Wiggins, Miss., there was a well that oilmen wondered about for years. A hearty, smooth-jawed man named George F. Vassen drilled deeper and deeper until he reached 20,450 ft., the second deepest well through the crust on record.* Although there were no other wells near Wiggins, Wildcatter Vassen insisted that there was an immense "Atlantic Ocean of oil" below the town, a limitless black pool stretching 1,000 miles from the Gulf to Pennsylvania.

Around Wiggins, Vassen was heard with respect because he was the operator of watermelon farms and tung nut groves as well as a big cattleman who drove a flashy car and owned a stable of race horses. Vassen was just as impressive up North. His confident talk was enough to persuade hundreds of people to buy interests

* The deepest: Ohio Oil Co.'s 21,482-ft. exploratory well in Kern County, Calif.



WILDCATTER VASEN (CENTER) & MARSHALS
Too good to be true.

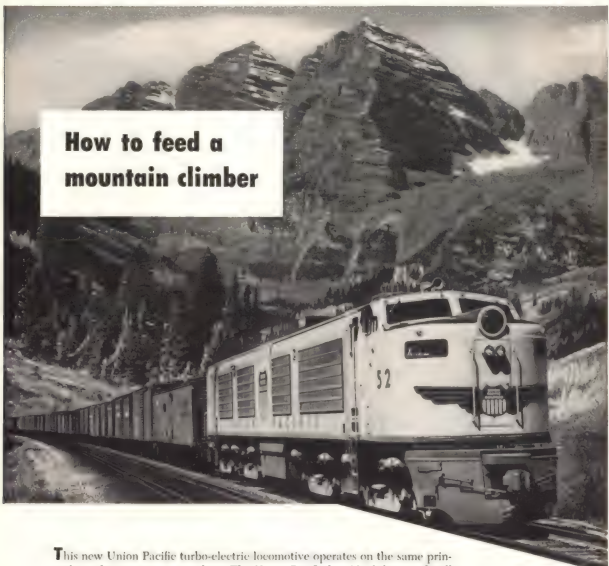
in the well and leases on the surrounding land at \$300 an acre. An 80-year-old Cedarburg, Wis. nailmaker plunked down \$200,000 in hard cash; a Chicago hoodlum anted up \$800,000.

The Little Fellow. Vassen's progress reports on the well were glowing: "Never in the history of the oil business has anyone accomplished the job we are doing today . . . The whole industry is talking . . . This venture is for all and not for a few who would like to cut the little fellow out." It sounded so good that one investor, a Chicago accountant named Irving Rothbart, whose family had put up \$155,500, decided to sell out his business for \$10,000 and become a full-time oilman. He went to Wiggins on the promise of a fine home and a high-paying job with the new company.

Rothbart got a shock. Instead of the promised "palatial residence," he and his wife were ushered into a dilapidated shack. Operations at the well were fenced in and guarded by men with shotguns. When Rothbart finally was allowed in, what he saw worried him even more. The drill cores brought up from some 17,000 ft. were not soft, oily limestone but dry, hard rock. After Vassen refused to have a laboratory analysis made of the cores, the Rothbarts asked for their money back. When they did not get it, they went to the SEC.

The Record. The investigators found that Oilman George Vassen had been convicted of a confidence racket in Iowa 20 years before and served a five-year prison term. had been convicted of a similar offense in Illinois in 1941 (which the state Supreme Court reversed), and later got in trouble in Mississippi over his tung-nut dealings. The SEC tracked down 600 small investors who had poured between \$1,000,000 and \$3,000,000 into Vassen's bottomless well.

Last week in Chicago a federal court



How to feed a mountain climber

This new Union Pacific turbo-electric locomotive operates on the same principle as the engine in a jet plane. The Union Pacific has 10 of them and will have 15 more shortly.

They concentrate 4500 to 5500 horse power—which is a lot of horse power—in one unit. That makes them ideal mountain climbers and the Union Pacific is using them to carry heavy freight loads over the mountains.

But they need a special diet, and *Sinclair is cooperating in developing it for them.* The problem is to obtain a burning oil with a low metal content that can be produced economically, because these powerful mountain climbers are heavy eaters. They consume a lot of fuel.

Sinclair is handed many problems like this because it has the resources and know-how to solve them. It's an example of how the Sinclair team of management, sales, manufacturing and research works together to get things done and keep the company up front in the highly competitive oil industry.

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There's a handy office refrigerator right inside the sensational Frigidaire Executive Water Cooler

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Choose from two outstanding bottle-type coolers—with or without special refrigerated compartment. Call your Frigidaire Dealer today! Or write Frigidaire, Dept. 11, Dayton 1, O. In Canada, Toronto 13, Ont.



Also available—a complete line of Flash-O-Matic Pressure Type Coolers.

Frigidaire Water Coolers



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jury found Vasen guilty on three counts of mail and stock fraud. His sentence: five years in jail, a \$25,000 fine. Said Vasen, somewhat shaken but still confident: "It's going to be very embarrassing for a lot of jerks when my well produces."

FOREIGN TRADE

Warning to Nibblers

British businessmen have nibbled so eagerly at recent Soviet offers to trade with the West (TIME, Feb. 15) that the Soviet state airline last week began making daily flights from Helsinki to carry order-seeking Britons to Moscow. But the president of the Federation of British Industries (Britain's equivalent of the N.A.M.) warned the nibblers last week that Russia's economic bait has political strings attached.

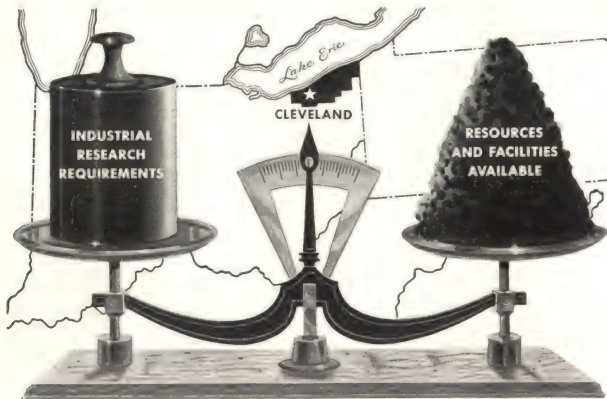
Said Sir Harry Pilkington in a speech to the federation conference in Liverpool: "It is in the interest of the peoples of all countries that (nonstrategic West-East trade) should grow, [but it] is against the interests of this country . . . that this trade . . . should be used for furthering the political objectives of those to whose way of life we are fundamentally and completely opposed . . . [We must] observe to the limit the spirit of the regulations about such trade laid down by our government." It is unwise, added Sir Harry, to invest in special tools or facilities to fill Communist orders, because "initial orders may never be repeated, regardless of price, regardless of value we may offer, but simply on political grounds."

GOVERNMENT

The Payoff

In the dark days of the Depression, the New Deal tried out a plan to help the housing industry. With a \$1,000,000 advance from the Treasury, the Government set up the Federal Housing Administration to insure loans for housebuilding and repair, thus spur the building industry. The experiment was a noble success. FHA's first insurance was on a loan for \$125 to paint a house, repair the roof and install a water tank. Since then, the agency has insured mortgages on 3,040,000 housing units, and has made a total of 16 million loans for property improvement. FHA has not only been a mainstay of the postwar housing boom but has also been profitable. With a total of \$30 billion worth of insurance issued, FHA netted \$92 million from its insurance premiums last year alone.

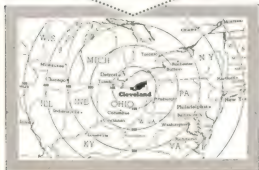
This week in Washington FHA handed over a \$16 million check to the Treasury, final payment on \$65 million borrowed from the Treasury for its operations over the years (plus \$20 million in interest). Now that FHA is free of debt, the Eisenhower Administration plans to liberalize its insuring power to cover mortgages for as long as 40 years, as well as loans for slum-clearance programs (TIME, Dec. 14). The goal remains the same: to keep the U.S. housing industry operating at a high level.



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HOW TO BUILD A BETTER MOUSE TRAP

by
J. P. Van Winkle
President
Stitzel-Weller
Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



As a business man, my hat's off to the fellow who built that "better mouse trap."

It must have been a dinger if, as the tale goes, the world beat a path to his door. Market saturation at no selling cost! What manufacturer wouldn't settle for that?

But no wonder! With a sure demand for his specialty, this fellow spent a life-time perfecting the one and only item on his price list. He didn't ring in a flock of mouse trap accessories, waste his time on sidelines, or fool with tie-ins.

Likewise, for a hundred years, sixty of them mine, our small family-owned distillery has specialized in the production and perfection of only one thing—original Kentucky Sour Mash Bourbon. That and nothing more!

Not a drop of gin or vodka—no cordials, brandy, Scotch or Canadian—no mixers, no alcohol or blends—no nothing but one old fashioned Kentucky Straight Bourbon.

To remind our visitors of this fact, there's a sign on our premises that reads:

\$1,000 REWARD

The above will be paid to anyone who can prove that a barrel of neutral spirits (commonly known as alcohol) for beverage purposes has ever been rolled out of these doors.

Granted, we tie our calf to a pretty short rope. But we figure the grass is green enough where we are, and we're able to keep our eye on that finer finish.

At least, our one-product distillery is the envy of business friends with expanding catalogs. And while we don't, and won't ever make enough to serve "the world," we do find on our path a choice group of business hosts who have discovered the excellence of our specialty. Old Fitzgerald, and find it good business to share, in moderation, with associates and friends.

Bonded 100 Proof Original Sour Mash Kentucky Straight Bourbon

CINEMA

Box Office

February's top moneymakers in U.S. movie theaters; according to *Variety*:

- 1) *Knights of the Round Table* (M-G-M CinemaScope)
- 2) *This Is Cinema* (Independent)
- 3) *The Glenn Miller Story* (Universal-International)
- 4) *King of the Khyber Rifles* (20th Century-Fox CinemaScope)
- 5) *His Majesty O'Keefe* (Warner Bros.)

In Hollywood

¶ With nearly all the annual film prizes, except the Academy Awards, presented or accounted for, *Photoplay* magazine slipped under the wire with its 1953 Gold Medal selections. Top winners: Alan Ladd and Marilyn Monroe.

¶ Paramount demonstrated its new entry in the big-screen sweepstakes, *VistaVision*, to be shown on a screen 1.77 times as wide as it is high (as compared with 1.33 to 1 for the traditional screen and 2.55 to 1 for Fox's CinemaScope). Adaptable to standard movie-house projectors, the high-wide process is also handsome; no matter where the moviegoer sits in the theater, the picture is always in focus. Paramount plans to make all its future films in *VistaVision*. Coming *VistaVision*s: *White Christmas* (with Bing Crosby), DeMille's *The Ten Commandments*.

¶ To the gloomy fact that Hollywood's current production is at an alltime modern low (only 23 films in the making). Cinemogul Sam Goldwyn added some gloomy statistics. On long-term studio contracts, there are now only 216 actors (as compared to 327 last year), 62 directors (v. 92), 65 producers (v. 117).

The New Pictures

Rose Marie (M-G-M) is a title that Hollywood has used to cover a multitude of scenarios. In the Harbach-Hammerstein hit musical on Broadway (1924), *Rose Marie* was a cute little French Canadian named La Flamme, in love with a brave young trapper. To save her lover's life, La Flamme was forced to accept the attentions of a villain named Edward Hawley. In 1928 M-G-M first presented *Rose Marie* as a sort of silent musical, and gave Joan Crawford, in the leading role, a dying husband to nurse between gripping scenes with both the trapper and a Canadian Mountie.

The producers of the 1936 version, perhaps feeling that Jeanette MacDonald was not exactly the rustic type, converted *Rose Marie* La Flamme, the woody little songbird, into Marie de Flor, a grand-opera star. The romantic trapper became her runaway brother, and the Mountie moved into the No. 1 spot so that Nelson Eddy could wear a flashy uniform and get the girl as well as his man in the last chorus of the title song.

In the current *Rose Marie*. Producer-Director Mervyn Le Roy (*Million Dollar Mermaid*) has managed to combine

almost all the worst features of the preceding productions with a few especially thought up for the occasion: *Rose Marie*, having simmered down from La Flamme to just plain Lemaitre, is played by Ann Blyth in the manner of a fashion model to whom all that gorgeous scenery is just a backdrop for her Paris buckskins. As the French Canadian trapper, Argentine Fernando Lamas has some accent trouble that makes him seem about as much at



ANN BLYTH & HOWARD KEEL
The flames simmered down.

home in the picture as a Gaucho on the Yukon trail.

M-G-M's publicity department says that both Ann and Lamas do their own singing (*Indian Love Call*) in *Rose Marie*—a statement that is closer to an admission than a boast. Howard Keel, however, is in fine voice as the Mountie singing *Rose Marie*. Keel is assisted by the fact that at times, thanks to Eastman Color and his crimson coat, he is easier to find than the other principals in the vast reaches of the CinemaScope screen.

Intimate Relations (Carroll Pictures). The horror of the octopus, wrote Victor Hugo, is not that it eats its victims, but that it drinks them alive. Anyone interested in experiencing this sensation without suffering the consequences can do so for the price of admission to this English translation of Jean Cocteau's long-running play, *Les Parents Terribles*. (A French film version of the drama, made in 1948, ran for only a few performances in the U.S. in 1950.)

The monster of the piece is a possessive mother (Marion Spencer). One day her son struggles free of her sure-enslaving arms just long enough to state that he is in love. The mother clutches him closer and spits a black-cloud of slander at her



Delivered on schedule — at reduced cost

In ever-increasing numbers, Boeing B-47 Stratojets are flying the skies over America, and the Atlantic and North Africa as well. More than 600 of these fighter-fast, six-jet bombers have been produced by Boeing's Wichita Division. Deliveries to the Air Force are on schedule—and have been each month for more than two years.

In addition to meeting delivery schedules and constantly improving designs, Boeing also continually works

to reduce costs. Today the company produces the advanced-design B-47 with fewer man-hours per pound than were required for the much less complex B-29s during World War II. Cost of the B-47 has been reduced to a point well under the original price—with substantial savings to the government.

Efficient production has also made possible on-schedule deliveries of Boeing KC-97s every month for the past three years. These huge tanker-

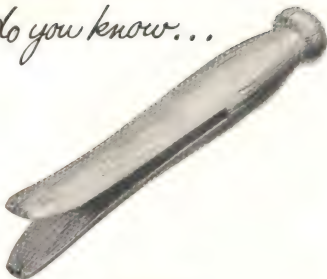
transports, one of the most versatile aircraft now in service, are being manufactured at costs considerably below the best previous estimates.

To operate at higher and higher levels of efficiency, Boeing maintains continuous training programs for workers and management alike. Cost-cutting suggestions are solicited and rewarded.

The growing list of records established by Boeing airplanes documents the integrity of Boeing design and research, just as on-schedule deliveries and constantly reducing costs underline the efficiency of Boeing production methods.

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rival. The father (Harold Warrender), when he discovers that the son's fiancée (Elsy Albin) is his own mistress, agrees with mother, "for the sake of the boy." The children are put to a hideous emotional ordeal only to have the parents realize when it is all over that older heads are not necessarily wiser. Yet no sooner are the lovers reunited than the mother, crazed with self-pity, takes poison in order to get the attention she cannot live without.

The histrionics are brilliant. Marian Spencer—lurching from one unmade bed to another, fingering her stringy hair, leading from weakness with a cunning all the more effective because she is apparently unconscious of it—is the blowy, middle-aged Lorelei to dreadful perfection. And Harold Warrender makes just the sort of husband such women make sure to get: a



RUSSELL ENOCH & MARIAN SPENCER
Drinks for an octopus.

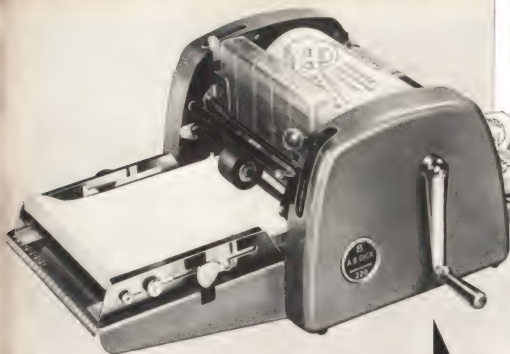
man who needs a mother so badly he will take a witch into the bargain.

Russell Enoch catches exactly that sense of undetermined sex that hovers about mama's boys; Elsy Albin is pretty and weak, as Cocteau intended the girl to be; and Ruth Dunning, as the maiden aunt, wears precisely the cold, smug, secretly desperate look of the 45-year-old spinster who is still telling herself that she gave up the man who mattered "for his own good."

If the actors carry the play, however, it is only as stretcher-bearers to a queer, sick thing. The objection is not that the situation is ingrown and morbid; twisted lives have often served the purposes of art very well, e.g., in Cocteau's last film, *The Strange Ones*. But in *Intimate Relations*, the matter and the manner have almost no relation. To a subject whose essence is disorder, Cocteau has brought a tidy style that is often inadequate—but then it would take a creative Hercules to clean up this emotional stable.

Also Showing

Money from Home (Hal Wallis; Paramount), in which Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis try to fix a horse race, is pretty funny for a minute or so. The horse they are betting on gets drunk and cannot



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make the post until the boys rush forward with the black coffee and bromo. Otherwise, it is the usual ill-swizzled Dean & Jerry cocktail, with most of the jokes settling quickly to the bottom. *Dean*: "Ain't he quaint?" *Jerry* (haughtily): "You mean, isn't he quaint?"

Riders to the Stars (Ivan Tors: United Artists) is an oster of the ionosphere. The hero (William Lundigan) is a rocket jockey, the first man ever to ride a guided missile through the wide open spaces beyond the earth's atmosphere. The heroine (Martha Hyer) is a "space-medicine girl" who "dreams of flying almost every night." The rocket man is told by his double-dome dad (Herbert Marshall), a rocket scientist, to go and catch a meteorite. He does this, 80 miles above the earth, with the help of the most startling invention since the Sky Hook—the "Meteor Scoop." Details are not disclosed (presumably they are not yet known to the Russians), but the principle is evident: the rocket has a lower lip that drops down at the strategic moment, and the meteorite just pops in like an interstellar sourball.

Personal Affair (Rank: United Artists) is a British attempt to say "Boo!" without losing dignity. A student (Glynis Johns) at an English school for young ladies has a crush on one of her teachers (Leo Genn). The teacher's wife (Gene Tierney) senses the truth, imagines a lot more, and warns the girl off. That night the girl disappears without a trace. Is she dead? If so, by her own hand or another's? Suspicion falls on the teacher, who admits that he was the last to see her. His marriage begins to come apart, the girl's parents are torn by anxiety and self-accusation, her aunt rocks clean off her rocker, the whole town is talking malicious gossip. All at once the girl reappears, unharmed. Q.E.D.: small towns will be small towns.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Pickwick Papers. The first full-length film of Charles Dickens' monumental jape; with James Hayter, Donald Wolfit, Joyce Grenfell (TIME, March 1).

The Final Test. A British joke about cricket, well told; with Robert Morley (TIME, Feb. 22).

Rob Roy. Walt Disney's Highland fling through an old Scots story; with Richard Todd, Glynis Johns (TIME, Feb. 8).

The Golden Coach. Jean Renoir's costume comedy of Spain's golden age; with Anna Magnani at her best (TIME, Feb. 1).

It Should Happen to You. Judy Holliday in a sharp little Garson Kanin comedy about a girl on the make (TIME, Jan. 25).

The Conquest of Everest. A heart-stirring camera record of the 1953 expedition (TIME, Dec. 21).

Genevieve. A merry spin from London to Brighton in a 1904 Darracq; with John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan (TIME, Nov. 30).

The Living Desert. Walt Disney's first full-length film of nature in the raw (TIME, Nov. 16).

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BOOKS

Dynamite in the Tower

SHE CAME TO STAY (404 pp.)—*Simone de Beauvoir*—World [\$5].

Simone de Beauvoir's place in the French intellectual world is that of a woman who has marched into an all-male club and taken over a deep chair by the window. She cannot be thrown out because 1) she is a first-rate expounder of the teachings of one of the club's most celebrated current philosophers (and her great and good friend), Existentialist Jean-Paul Sartre, and 2) she can talk most of the other members under the intellectual table.

Author of Beauvoir's introduction to the club was perhaps her 1943 novel, *L'Invitée*, now published in the U.S. as *She Came to Stay*. It is the story of what happens when a devoted couple make the mistake of inviting a blonde to live with them in Paris, and Author de Beauvoir's publishers have jacketed the book with a picture of the kind of sultry number for whom strong men lose their wits. This is a mistake. *She Came to Stay* is an admirable novel not because there is a blonde in it, but because there is a brain back of it.

Passion for Pacifism. Author de Beauvoir begins by showing the perfect, almost mathematical harmony into which her lovers, Pierre and Françoise, have built their lives. He is an intellectual actor-producer, she an equally intellectual writer. Around this hard-working pair in 1938-39 swirls the theater life of Paris, popping with misfits, eccentrics, and tough careerists. Smug in her harmony with Pierre, Françoise finds it hard to understand why other people's lives are so full of discord:

"What's become of your lover?" she asks Pierre's sister.

"Moreau? We had a terrible row. About pacifism . . . He ended up by almost strangling me . . . Here, look at his last letter . . . Just imagine, he pinned me against a lamp post, grabbed me by the throat, while he shouted dramatically, 'I'll have you, Elisabeth, or I'll kill you!' . . . I said to him, 'Strangle me, but don't kiss me!'"

"Well, my God! . . . Was it because of his passion for pacifism?"

"He was incensed . . ."

Pierre and Françoise take for granted that when they are incensed they can thrash it all out coolly and methodically, like a problem in one of Pierre's plays. But Françoise soon takes pity on bored, blonde Xavière and determines to awaken the girl's interest in life. Pierre feels irritated with Françoise for having brought such a chore into their busy lives, and Xavière, for her part, instantly detests Pierre. Only after a hundred pages of mutual sneers does Pierre decide that it is his duty to lend Françoise a hand.

Lessons for Children. Author de Beauvoir is at her brightest and best in describing the sort of exasperation that takes a keen-witted, methodical man when he tries

to get the better of a girl who lives stubbornly by whim and base instinct. The more Pierre tries to discipline Xavière, the more apt she is to turn up at the wrong place at the wrong time, or to keep an appointment for an intellectual talk at a sidewalk café loaded down with a bag of shrimp and bananas.

It is not long before Pierre has turned into a semi-lunatic wooer, obsessed with the idea of conquest at any cost. The high point of comedy finds him creeping down corridors in his pajamas, glaring through the keyhole of Xavière's bedroom to see if she has a secret lover (she has) and then raging back to bed to share his anguish



Elliott Erwitt—Maagnum

NOVELIST DE BEAUVOIR
Conquest of any cost.

with poor Françoise. Equally mortifying is the fact that it is soon Xavière's turn to lecture the distraught couple as if they were willful children, using the very words they once used on her. "You see, all that was needed was the desire to do it," she smilingly says, after teaching angry Françoise how to rumba. "I'm systematic," she explains gravely, as she stands their beautiful relationship on its head.

Xavière is not the victor in the end, for the simple reason that her victims eventually become as unscrupulous and primitive as she is. Pierre rounds on her like a vindictive animal; Françoise casts dignity and high principles to the winds and runs away—with Xavière's lover. World War II breaks out just in time to get the two men into the relative safety of the army and leave the two women to fight it out behind the blackout curtains.

She Came to Stay is a triumph of men-

tal concentration. It is built of thousands of little bits and pieces, all with the awkward angles of real life but all so solidly fitted together that the tatty climax (in which Françoise asphyxiates Xavière) seems an inexcusable last resort. Unlike many modern French novelists, Author de Beauvoir does not float in a sea of inhuman symbols; she shows perfectly clearly that when the ivory tower loses its head in the clouds, dynamiters like Xavière are always at hand to bring it down to earth.

Private Lives Down Under

THE DESERT IN THE HEART (249 pp.)—*Peter Gladwin*—Rinehart [\$3].

In this first novel, an Australian newspaperman living and working in London hammers home an old truth: people can't help being what they are and suffering the consequences. What keeps Author Peter Gladwin from seeming merely to ring changes on an old cliché is a combination of life and modesty in his writing. *The Desert in the Heart* does not try for much; it achieves sympathy for its people through the simple device of dealing with them sympathetically.

In the dreary coal-mining town of Gerindery, Australia, it is pretty hard for anyone to get away from himself, let alone from the neighbors. What with the drought and a strike in the mine, life is hard, and bears little promise of getting better. Fanny Warrenner is a milliner from Sydney with a good head and heart and a better body. She has left a philandering husband, but in Gerindery she falls in love with Mike Lambert, a newspaperman who takes a drop too much and whose best jobs are all behind him. Fanny and Mike are good people, but their open affair enrages the bluenoses, and makes more than one dissatisfied man hope that Fanny isn't just a one-man woman. Meanwhile, Mike values Fanny, but values his bottle at least as much, his lively cynicism and irresponsibility even more.

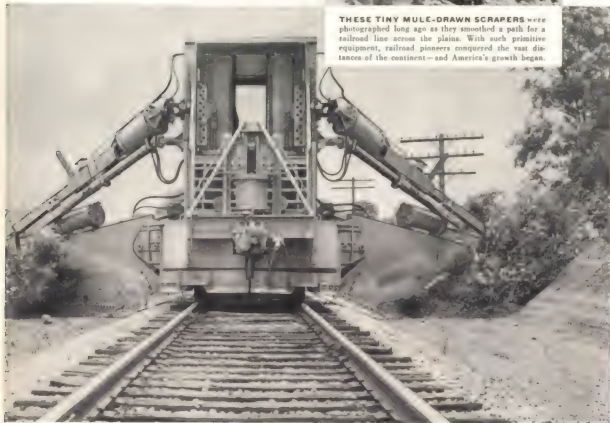
In the punishing heat of the rainless Australian summer, no one can escape the vague menace that lies in the coal strike. The men spend their strike pay in the saloons, their families do without, the merchants grumble. Only two men really enjoy the strike: George Morgan, a young miner spurred by idealism and an itch for leadership, and Owner Quint, who also owns just about everything else in Gerindery that pays a profit, including the paper that Mike Lambert runs for him.

What Author Gladwin does is to get small-town lives scraping against each other in a way that leaves skin burns. He does not keep his story moving, his chapters are episodic, and sometimes he forgets his important people while he enjoys an aside with a minor character. But when his characters talk, it is hard not to listen; all the more because their Australian vernacular is lively and unfamiliar. And the chief characters are something more than made-ups whom Author Gladwin pushes about at will. Gladwin is, in fact, that most hopeful and doubtful kind of writer: a promising first novelist.

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Pastor in Marxland

UNWILLING JOURNEY (316 pp.)—Helmut Gollwitzer—Muhlenberg [\$3.50].

At their model prison camp in Krasnogorsk, a pleasant, hilly spot with flower gardens and Sunday band concerts, Soviet propagandists assembled a group of potential German apprentices—army generals, Nazi Party officials, and promising young intellectuals. They held especially high hopes for a wiry little Medical Corps orderly named Helmut Gollwitzer, for Gollwitzer looked like just the man to tell pious East Germans that Marxism was simply another brand of 20th century Christianity.

Gollwitzer, then 38, was an ordained Lutheran pastor who had spent two years in & out of Gestapo jails as a leading Christian anti-Nazi. He was Pastor Martin Niemöller's assistant in Niemöller's church at Berlin-Dahlem, and he took over the services there after Niemöller was arrested in 1937. Before he was drafted into the army, he had cheerfully collaborated with German Communists in the anti-Nazi resistance, and he had a European intellectual's theoretical respect for the Marxist solution. "To be leftist," he said later, "seemed a matter of honor."

The Russians were rudely disappointed in Pastor Gollwitzer, and he survived to tell how and why.

A New Vision. Gollwitzer surrendered to the Russians on Ascension Day, May 10, 1945. For a while, despite cases of Soviet brutality, he and his comrades were sanguine about their fate. A Soviet cultural officer made a speech, in fluent German, about the cultural revival of the German people, freed at last from Hitlerism. Wrote Gollwitzer: "Our hearts swelled. The vision of a new land opened before us."

More often than not, Gollwitzer found his Russian captors men of kindness and humanity. ("I am always surprised," he quotes a fellow P.W. as saying, "at what a measure of humanity . . . has been preserved in this nation under such oppression.") But the rigid work "norms" and the inflexibly planned disciplines of the Communist system acted to crush the "humanness" alike in Russian and German P.W. The Soviet system, he decided, made Hitler's Reich seem "little more than the work of a dilettante."

When Gollwitzer left the labor camp for the Krasnogorsk indoctrination center, he set out to steep himself in the Marxists' explanation for this Russian misery. The theoreticians there seemed convinced that their system, with all its temporary drawbacks, would ultimately produce a materialist heaven on earth—Theologian Gollwitzer called it a "secularized Christian eschatology." Accordingly, they reasoned themselves into a 1984-type "dream world." Russian professors argued that the prisoners must see things "dialectically." For instance, if the Kremlin planned to erect a magnificent city street on a row of squalid huts, it was as good as there already. Hence it should be reported as such to the outside world.



AUTHOR GOLLWITZER
He survived.

Gollwitzer continually tried to put himself in the Marxists' place. He took part in the discussions of the camp "anti-Fascist" committees, but soon admitted their hopelessness. For the Russians had gradually organized the camp into a revealing microcosm of the Soviet Union, where such forms of democracy as committees and discussion groups were skillfully sapped of their content.

An Essential Fallacy. Through the record of his observations and discussions, Gollwitzer has clearly traced out the essential fallacy that sheds its influence on every corner of the Marxist state—the belief that man can perfect himself through economic change. His conclusion: Stalinist dictatorship is not a perversion of Marxism, as some non-Communist Marxists argue, but Marxism's only logical ending.

In the process of forming his conclusions, Pastor Gollwitzer was one of the few men courageous enough to criticize the Communist leadership at Krasnogorsk. For this, he was sent back to a labor camp, and he narrowly missed permanent imprisonment there.

On New Year's Eve, 1949, he was released, along with several hundred others, a better Christian for his experience, but glad to have left it behind. "Our long suppressed joy surged forth," he wrote. "We embraced each other, and for the first time we laughed."

The Beasts as Heroes

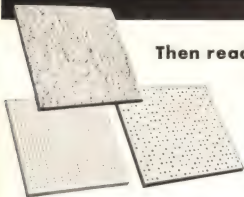
BANDOOOLA (256 pp.)—J. H. Williams—Doubleday [\$3.50].
COORINNA (181 pp.)—Erle Wilson—Random House [\$2.75].

Modern literature is well-stocked with humans who act like beasts; two new books feature beasts who act almost human. *Bandoola* stars a Burmese elephant, *Coorinna* a Tasmanian wolf. Both are

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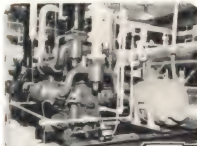


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good company, but *Bandoola* has the edge since it tells the engaging true story of the most notable work elephant in modern Burmese history, as pieced together and witnessed by James H. (*Elephant Bill*) Williams. *Bandoola's* one-time overseer.

Author Williams introduces his hero right in the maternity ward. A calving elephant has an "auntie" or sister elephant who helps pick a lying-in spot. *Bandoola's* mother and auntie picked a site near a river bend with a giant tree for shade and seven-foot elephant grass for fodder. The night before *Bandoola* was born, the two elephants trampled the grass round the tree till they flattened an area the size of a circus ring.

The next day's sun rose on a miserable little newcomer to the animal kingdom. Baby *Bandoola's* trunk was a stunted snout that he could barely move, his



AUTHOR WILLIAMS
Two firsts for a patient oozie.

forehead and back were matted with long wavy hair, and his skin was a loud purple. Within 48 hours he got a grim hint of the deadliest fact of a young elephant's life, a tiger in attack. Clawed and trumpeting, his auntie bolted, but his torn and bleeding mother sheltered him like a slab of concrete till the "oozies" came.

Pioneering Po Toke. Oozies are the natives who train, ride and care for working elephants. *Bandoola's* oozie was called Po Toke. At first Po Toke had little to do. Elephants mature slowly, take five years to be weaned, another eleven before they can begin to pull and haul heavy teak logs from the hills to the rivers. Author Williams gives Po Toke credit for two pioneering firsts that changed the course of elephant training: 1) *Bandoola* was the first Burmese work elephant reared from birth in captivity; 2) he was trained with kindness. Previous trainers captured grown elephants and tamed them to their tasks by break-



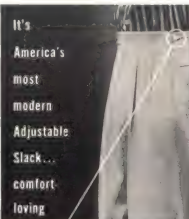
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ing their spirits. Once past his prankish teens, Bandoola began racking up work records that made him famed in the Burma of the '20s, '30s and '40s. In one season, he extracted 300 tons of teak and pushed and dragged it an average distance of two miles from stump to floating stream.

Like all Burmese work elephants, Bandoola was mobilized in World War II and helped build the Burma Road. His end came suddenly and mysteriously. One day in 1945, Author Williams found him dead, with a 30-caliber bullet through his brain. To this day, he does not know Bandoola's killer, but he suspects that Po Toke, aged, ailing and unwilling to trust his beloved Bandoola to another ooze, fired the fatal shot.

Winning Devil. *Coorinna*, unlike *Bandoola*, poses as a novel, but is really a straight bit of nature reporting by Erle Wilson, a "volunteer ranger under the New South Wales Fauna Protection Panel." His hero, *Coorinna*, is a rare breed of marsupial wolf, now nearly extinct. The life and times of *Coorinna* are largely a matter of fighting to eat and eating to fight. A sly and winning devil, *Coorinna* meets a violent end, but not before Author Wilson can treat him and the reader to such exotic Australian fauna and flora as striped bandicoots, ti trees and brush-tongued lorikeets.

RECENT & READABLE

Moscow, by Theodor Plievier. A stunning documentary novel about the German drive on Moscow and the confusion and dismay of the Russian defenders through the long summer of 1941 (TIME, March 8).

The Night of the Hunter, by Davis Grubb. A beautifully written chiller about an Ohio River town and a Bible-spouting homicidal maniac (TIME, March 1).

The Bright Sands, by Robert Lewis Taylor. A good-humored novel about Cape Cod and Cape codgers (TIME, Feb. 22).

The Lady for Ransom, by Alfred Duggan. The twilight of the Byzantine Empire, caught in a fine historical novel (TIME, Feb. 8).

The Man Who Never Was, by Ewen Montagu. How British intelligence deceived the Germans about the invasion of Sicily by furnishing them a corpse whose pockets were stuffed with false war plans (TIME, Feb. 1).

The Conquest of Everest, by Sir John Hunt. An engrossing account of the great climb by the commander of the expedition (TIME, Jan. 25).

The Greek Passion, by Nikos Kazantzakis. The temptation, betrayal and death of a Passion-play Christ; an impressive modern parable by the author of *Zorba the Greek* (TIME, Jan. 11).

The Life and Death of Sylvia, by Edgar Mittelholzer. A tragedy of shades of color in British Guiana (TIME, Jan. 11).

The Nemesis of Power, by John W. Wheeler-Bennett. The superbly told story of the German army's maneuverings in German politics from 1918 to 1945 (TIME, Dec. 28).

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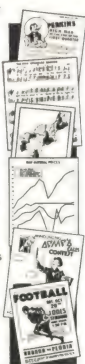
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*Source: *A Study of the Household Accumulative Audience of LIFE* (1952), by Alfred Politz Research, Inc. A LIFE-reading household is one in which any member aged 20 or over has read one or more of 13 issues.

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The Volunteer. In Ukiah, Calif., Hitchhiker Richard Jacobs showed up at police headquarters with dazed Motorist Shirley Cork, explained that because he suspected Cork of drunkenness, he had "popped him on the head," taken over the driving.

Just Us Historians. In Akron, police raided a 9-by-12-ft. room, inside found two chairs, a bed, a table, a dresser, three pairs of dice, twelve decks of cards, one bottle of gin and 23 men who explained that they had gathered "to discuss current events."

Expiration Date. In Graham, N.C. Register of Deeds J. G. Tingen received a year-old marriage license in the mail with a note: "I'm sorry to have to send this paper back, but I have been stood up..."

Box Score. In Trenton, N.J., suing for divorce, Mrs. Patricia Schauer charged that her husband Henry beat her whenever the New York Yankees lost a game.

The Fall of Valor. In Jacksonville, county officials welcomed Harley Knight, 37, after he drove all the way from Durham, N.C. to answer a stolen-car charge, then learned that he had stolen another auto to make the trip.

For Your Information. In Casino, Australia, after trying in vain to dynamite an office safe in the Northern Cooperative Meatworks, the thieves gave up, left behind a note for the management: "DANGER, unexploded charge in bottom keyhole."

Cooled. In Appleton, Wis., charged with selling adulterated milk, Dairyman Vernon Ferron explained that he had "just put a couple of quarts of water in to cool the milk," paid a \$25 fine.

Travel Orders. In Cincinnati, a bandit held up Thomas Kane, relieved him of \$26, handed him a quarter and advised: "Take a bus home."

Just Wait. In Buffalo, the county board of supervisors got a letter from Alfred E. Wamsley protesting payment of a \$9 sales tax on a funeral bill: "I think it is an outrage... I know St. Peter won't like it."

The Dispossessed. In Salisbury, Md., seeking compensation, Motorist Lester Brittingham reported to the State Farm Insurance Co. that his parked auto had been severely bitten on the fender by a horse, won a \$5 settlement.

Planned Economy. In San Leandro, Calif., after police stopped their car, two 15-year-old boys explained that they were heading for Mexico with \$17, a bar of soap, a candle, an alarm clock, a bottle of whisky and a loaded 7.65-mm. pistol "for holdups when we run out of money."



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